

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 62, Vol. 3.

January 3, 1857.

Price 5d.
Stamped 6d.

GLIMPSES OF JUSTICE.

WHEN the members of Lord PALMERSTON'S Government who retired immediately after its formation insisted that no inquiry into the circumstances of the British army in the Crimea could have the least value, so long as the relation of the French force and its commanders to our own was an interdicted topic, they threw out a hint to which every month since the close of the war has given fresh significance. There is at the present moment a great accumulation of evidence, all tending to show that the blame distributed among English departments, generals, officers, and soldiers, will have to be entirely re-apportioned, and perhaps cleared away altogether, so soon as the part of the French in the Crimean expedition is thoroughly understood. Testimony infinitely more valuable than any which is now before the world will doubtless be procured hereafter, but much of the evidence which has already dropped in is certainly reliable. M. DE BAZANCOURT'S book is mendacious enough, but he may be trusted when his admissions are against his interest. The "Staff Officer" is flimsy and spiritless, but, in his narrative of circumstances which fell under his own observation, he is plainly veracious. The apologist of Admiral DUNDAS, in parts of the pamphlet which he has privately circulated, makes statements which rest obviously on the personal authority of the Admiral himself. Lord PANMURE, in a speech distinguished by all the remarkable fairness and equity of his former addresses, had just added largely, though inferentially, to the positive information derived from other sources. No reasonable man will now deny that, at the outset of the Eastern campaign, the lead was taken in all things by the English. The discipline of the English army was higher than that of the French, the spirit of its officers more ardent, the efficiency of its departments greater. The expedition to the Crimea was decided by an English majority, and persevered in because English firmness neutralized French vacillation. The transit to the Crimea was protected by English vigilance. The heat and burden of the Alma fell on the English troops; and the dismay of the beaten enemy was only not turned to their destruction, because French co-operation was refused to the English General. The flank march to Balaklava was an English suggestion; and, when the plateau of Sebastopol was reached, an allotment of positions was made between the English and French armies, which gave to the one an easily-defensible front, and an easy access to the sea—to the other, such difficulties of offence, defence, and supply as an army of similar strength had scarcely ever been called upon to overcome in all the history of war. If the campaign had concluded after the battle of Inkermann, there is not one of the assertions we have made which would not have rested on the admissions of our Allies themselves.

Considering the enormous share of the natural difficulties of the enterprise which the prowess of the British army had caused to be imposed upon it, and considering the size and resources of the army itself, it would be sovereign injustice to deny that the standard of devotedness prescribed to every man in it, from the general to the sutler, was about the highest which can be set before the soldier. Out of the Englishmen engaged in the siege of Sebastopol, a few satisfied themselves with doing no more than their bare ordinary duty, but many went far beyond it; and of these, some, though not all, actually attained the pitch of self-sacrifice which the conditions of the undertaking demanded. We now know that among the last was the brave, devoted, and unfortunate Lord RAGLAN. Even in the thin, bald narrative of the "Staff Officer," every fact related of Lord RAGLAN makes the blood boil, when we reflect on the calumnies which have been heaped upon his name. We all

remember in what colours he was painted two years ago—not indeed by malignity or wilful mendacity, but by obstinacy, self-sufficiency, and carelessness. It was insinuated that, good-natured and debonnaire, he was simply indolent in the midst of the sufferings around him. The picture might, even at the time, have been shown to be impossible; for if the distress of the army was truly represented, the General whom it did not rouse to activity must have had qualities which excluded good-nature. But we have now learned the truth as to the brutal apathy which was in effect charged against Lord RAGLAN. He was simply at work from morning till night. And we also know the truth as to his military qualities. Everything which was done rightly seems to have been prompted by him—everything which was done wrongly he appears to have opposed. He prevented the expedition from being given up before it had commenced. He wished to advance immediately after the Alma. He wanted to storm the town on reaching it, and again did his best to have it attacked after Inkermann. When Sir DE LACY EVANS'S counsel was for a disastrous withdrawal, Lord RAGLAN opposed it. Lord RAGLAN, by his firm resolution, neutralized the feather-headed indecision of CANROBERT, and sternly negated the plan for breaking up the siege which was subsequently prepared by the Emperor of the French. If any one would measure our debt to Lord RAGLAN, let him attempt, on the evidence now accessible to all the world, to forecast the results of the expedition on the assumption that the French Generals had enjoyed the primacy conceded to the British Commander-in-Chief. It is as certain as any such proposition can be, that Sebastopol would never have been ours, and that the Russian war would still be proceeding.

Lord RAGLAN, his officers, his army, and his commissariat, have all suffered greatly by being compared with a purely ideal standard. That Lord RAGLAN did not fortify a particular position, that the English army lost such and such a number of men, are facts, if facts they are, which prove absolutely nothing. The true question is, whether the best existing army in Europe, with the best modern arms and equipments, commanded by the most skilful Generals now living, and provided with the first Quartermaster and Adjutant-General to be found, would have done more than the English troops did; and, if it would have done more, how much more? Now, the French Crimean force may be taken to be such an army as we have just described. Putting aside our own soldiery and generals, whose character is in question, nobody pretends that there are in Europe better soldiers and a better military system, than the French. The standard of the French army is, in fact, the standard by which the calumniators of English valour and capacity have all along pretended to judge them. Let us, then, merely ask the question whether, if the positions of the French and English contingents before Sebastopol had been interchanged, if the French had taken the right, and the English the left, on the plateau—greater successes would have been achieved, or more lives saved from famine and disease? We do not for one moment believe it. The first great loss of the English was at Inkermann. Lord RAGLAN, making his choice between several urgent calls on the working power of his army, deliberately determined not to fortify Inkermann—a position so strong that it ultimately enabled eight thousand men to defeat a force probably underrated at forty thousand. Can it, then, be said that General CANROBERT would have done what Lord RAGLAN left undone—General CANROBERT, who never formed a resolution of importance, except to renounce it in an hour or two—who used the whole strength of his force to push forward his siege works, and whose batteries, when made, were enfiladed? Assuming, then, the position to have remained open, could the battle have been won? It may be so. We would not

do less than justice to French intrepidity. Yet it is most certain that, of all battles ever fought, Inkermann was the one which most called out those military characteristics which seem to be the exclusive possession of British infantry. Then, again, is there any reason to believe that the French army, once stationed on the English side of the lines, would have been better fed, clothed, or tended than the English? We firmly believe there is none. The French soldiers were at the outset worse sheltered and supplied than were our own men; and we vehemently doubt whether they would have made more of the dreary transit from Balaklava to the front. They were weaker men. They had less stoical doggedness. They succumbed more easily to exposure. They would have been sustained, as it appears, by less of undaunted firmness in their officers and generals. With all the infinite advantages of their basis of supply at Kamiesch, it should not be forgotten that their loss of men in the whole campaign was almost exactly proportioned to ours.

We do not intend to speak slightly of our Allies. Probably, as we stated before, there is not a single proposition hazarded by us which would have been contradicted by the Frenchmen in actual contact with our troops in the Crimea, if they had remained constant to the opinions which they formed on the spot. But the yell of execration begun in England, and echoed by Europe, was heard even in the allied camps; and it is only natural that it should silence the voices which otherwise would have been raised in generous praise. "I hear so much evil of the English," lately said one of the French Crimean Generals, "that I dare not state my opinion of them; but, if ever there is danger of a war between the two countries, I will take care the Government knows it."

NEUFCHÂTEL.

IT seems almost impossible that a war should arise out of the Neuchâtel dispute. The world at large is now in a condition to judge of the merits and prospects of the quarrel; and the address, at once voluminous and luminous, of the Federal Council to the Federal Assembly, fully expounds the progress of negotiations which must eventually succeed in their object. A week ago, no less than six attempts to reconcile conflicting pretensions had successively failed; but *attachés* and Cabinet messengers have since been known to hurry backwards and forwards. The difficulties which have hitherto impeded an adjustment lie in a small compass; and it may be hoped that the King of Prussia, with his 130,000 men, will not march up the hill which leads to the Oberland, nor be compelled, like his Royal prototype, to march down again. The Swiss wish for peace—the neutral Powers concur in their wish—and it cannot be supposed that FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. would willingly engage in an unnecessary war. The whole of Europe is of one way of thinking, if Governments can only make up their minds not "to put too fine a point on it."

The weakest party is least at liberty to make even a seeming sacrifice of honour; but the Federal authorities have throughout shown a laudable disposition to dispense with unnecessary punctilio if their substantial rights are secured. They have successively offered to release the prisoners in exchange for a recognition of the independence of Neuchâtel—to be contented with the guarantee of England and France for the King of Prussia's future adhesion to their terms—and lastly to grant an amnesty, on condition that the Great Powers would unanimously recommend the abdication of his pretensions. But the Court of Berlin refused to treat; the English Government was not authorized to speak in the name of the KING; and some of the Cabinets refused to sanction an arrangement on which it seems that their representatives were agreed. The delay and alarm which have arisen are much to be regretted, but the resources of diplomacy are not yet exhausted. The lapse of time may possibly smooth over some troublesome susceptibilities, and the objections to the Prussian expedition will become daily more and more serious. The Courts of Wirtemberg and Baden may probably countenance the measures of their powerful ally; but the people of Southern Germany are reasonably dissatisfied with the prospect of military operations in their neighbourhood. Not only is the anticipated presence of Prussian troops distasteful, but the economical consequences of a war excite gloomy anticipations. It is foreseen that Switzerland may be compelled to raise their customs' tariff to meet the unavoidable expenses of the

struggle; and the probable diminution of the frontier traffic tends to quicken the sympathies which exist between the Swabians and the kindred population to the south of the Lake of Constance. The last campaign in which a Prussian army was engaged has probably left few pleasant recollections behind it in the Duchy of Baden.

It is perfectly clear that, according to the official statements, England and France, if not the whole of the Great Powers, desire that Neuchâtel should be relieved from the shadow of foreign dominion. The King of Prussia must have intended to hold out hopes of the same consummation when he offered to negotiate on certain conditions. The Swiss Government asks no more; and in return for even an informal guarantee of its demands, it offers to release without trial the prisoners, who, according to all the various proposals, are to enjoy the benefit of an amnesty. A war in the heart of Europe, to settle the narrow difference between the rival modes of arrangement, would be a scandalous anomaly. Individuals, especially in imaginary relations, may split hairs with impunity. Poetical lovers are content

To feel that they adore
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with more,
It could not live with less.

But great States must sometimes be content to live with less than they demand, as well as to restrain themselves from asking a fraction more.

The frankness of the communication made by the Council to the Federal Assembly appears to prove that the more alarming rumours which have been circulated are inaccurate, or at least premature. The dispute with Prussia may be settled if the mediators who have been called in act with ordinary good faith; but a crusade of Continental despotism against Swiss independence would be formidable, and too probably successful. The report that Marshal CANROBERT was to take the command of a powerful army of observation in Franche Comté, and the alleged remonstrances of Austria against the protection offered by the Swiss to political refugees, would indicate more serious dangers than any which are likely to arise on the side of Prussia. Should actual hostilities once be commenced, it is impossible to foresee the complications which may arise; but the interest of all the Governments concerned is at present on the side of peace. French influence in Switzerland, already rudely shaken by the paragraph which appeared in the *Moniteur*, would be destroyed by a menace of armed interference; and Austria, looking forward to an eventual rupture with Piedmont, can scarcely wish to force the hardy population of Switzerland into the ranks of her enemies. It may be observed that the reports of foreign intervention seem generally to originate at Berlin. The Prussian Court may probably desire to attain its object by further threats, as the Swiss Government has shown no tendency to be intimidated by the military preparations which are in progress.

Even in the event of a monarchical coalition against her freedom, Switzerland has at present nothing to gain by undue concession. If the neutrality of the Confederation is to be violated, and the policy of 1815 abandoned, the crisis would have arrived even if the Neuchâtel dispute had never arisen; and less would be lost by submission to actual force than by deference to menacing demands. Three Great Powers wrongfully occupying different portions of the Federal territory would probably be involved in mutual jealousies; and at the worst, a time must arrive when Swiss courage and discipline would be valuable to some efficient ally. Acquiescence in the imperious requisitions of Prussia would only have tempted further aggression, but no disparaging influence can be drawn from inability to resist an overwhelming force.

The representatives of divine right are scarcely prudent in contrasting their own proceedings with the moderation and unanimity which are found to be compatible with republican institutions. The Swiss have neither broken up into factions among themselves, nor used offensive language to their neighbours. The minority who are opposed to the actual working of the constitution vie with their fellow-citizens in readiness to fight for their common country. In the matter of the Neuchâtel prisoners, the Federal Council maintains one of the simplest propositions of universal law against an unjust and overbearing adversary. Prussia, and those who favour Prussia, assert the sacred right of insurrection—the Federal Government maintains the inviolable character of all constituted authority. The anarchists wish to negotiate, and offer various concessions for the sake

of peace—the legitimate Sovereign declines all argument, and proposes immediate recourse to arms. If the positions of the disputants were reversed, it is not difficult to conjecture the language in which the reactionary journals of the Continent would denounce republican violence.

A question will be raised, if any hostile operations take place, as to the continued validity of the Protocol of London. The mediating Powers have fulfilled their engagement by entering into negotiations for the recognition of the princely title to Neuchâtel; and the Federal Government has agreed, on certain conditions, to acknowledge its legal existence. The King of Prussia, on the other hand, undertook to abstain from the forcible prosecution of his claims; and it would seem that his present change of purpose releases the other parties to the agreement from their obligation. The English Government prudently declined to anticipate a case which had not occurred; but it is probable that the instrument of 1852 will be declared obsolete if the peace should unhappily be broken.

It is possible that Switzerland may be overborne by superior force; but the chance of a diplomatic solution to the quarrel depends altogether on the warlike attitude of the people. The primary national virtue of readiness to fight is always the best security for peace. A timid and sluggish population would have been long since invaded and coerced; but the greatest military Powers think large preparations necessary before marching against a nation of riflemen. The costly armaments of the Federal Government are dictated by the soundest economy; for it is cheaper to secure peace by preparation than to conquer it in the field. The Prussian army will not march unless it is prepared for a campaign, and not for a mere military promenade.

THE TRADE OF THE YEAR.

THE commercial results of the first year of peace have far exceeded all that the most sanguine could have hoped. The figures published by the Board of Trade are, indeed, so startling in their immensity that one is almost driven to look for some special explanation to account for the extraordinary progress which they indicate. But, apart from the cessation of the war, there has been nothing in the history of the last twelve months to cause any exceptional development of trade and manufactures. No new gold discoveries have stimulated production, nor has any additional market been opened for our goods. Manufacturers have certainly not been encouraged to extend their operations by the facility with which money could be procured; for, contrary to all anticipation, the discount market has been as steadily besieged by borrowers as during the severest pressure of the war—a circumstance which has no doubt been in a great degree due to the very extension of trade on which we have to congratulate ourselves. Even the return of peace has had but a small share in creating the vast increase of commerce which the year has witnessed. We can measure with some exactness the influence which the war exerted upon trade by a comparison with earlier years. It did little more than keep us stationary—the whole falling-off in our exports being about 3,000,000*l.*; but immediately on the removal of the pressure, our foreign trade has not only risen to its former amount, but is nearly one-fifth larger than it has ever been before. The total declared values for eleven months of the three last years are, in round numbers, 89,000,000*l.*, 86,000,000*l.*, and 105,000,000*l.*; and, from the utter absence of any extraordinary cause of increase, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the rate of progress indicated is likely to prove the normal condition of English commerce under a free-trade policy.

One of the surest guarantees of the soundness of our trade, and of the permanent nature of the advance which it has made, is to be found in the universal character of the year's improvement. The only difference between one branch of industry and another is in the ratio of progress; for all, without exception, have shared in the general prosperity. It is hard to guess what becomes of the continually increasing quantities of cotton goods which are annually sent from our ports. The war itself could not check the increase; and in the past year we have despatched about 60,000,000 yards more than we did in 1854—the proportionate increase being in value about 10 per cent. upon the export of last year, and 15 per cent. over that of 1854. The development of the flax manufactures has been still more remarkable. In 1855, there was just a perceptible falling-off, owing no doubt to the special obstacles which the war occasioned to the workers in a staple which

had previously been obtained in large quantities from the Russian Empire. But the present revival has amply compensated the transient depression, by an increase of 25 per cent. upon each of the two preceding years. The quantity of machinery exported has been augmented in a still larger proportion; and the iron trade, which had seriously fallen off during the previous year, has in 1856 done one-tenth more foreign business than in 1854, and fully a third more than in 1855. The silk manufacture is also thriving and progressive, and the improved state of the woollen trade is manifested both by a large increase in the value of exported manufactures and a corresponding addition to the quantity of raw material imported from abroad. The foreign demand for our cutlery and hardware has been about one-fourth greater than in 1855, although it has scarcely come up to the level of 1854. From these figures it would seem that Sheffield, notwithstanding the warlike propensities which it indulges, and the pugnacious tendencies of its favourite member, has felt the difference between war and peace more keenly than any other of our manufacturing centres. The injury done to the trade of which it is the representative is measured by a reduction of more than 1,000,000*l.* in the exports of a year of war, nine-tenths of which has fortunately been recovered during the year just ended.

The principal feature of the import returns is the increase in the quantity of raw materials obtained from abroad. With so large a growth of our manufactures this could not possibly have been otherwise, and it is not surprising to find that we have taken 8,000,000 cwts. of cotton in place of 7,000,000—that the import of flax and tow has risen from 1,300,000 cwts. to nearly 1,500,000—that of wool, from 84,000,000 lbs. to 99,000,000, and of raw silk from 5,500,000 to 6,300,000 lbs. The importation of articles of consumption, however, does not seem to have kept pace with the enlarged credits which we must have obtained for our exported goods. The greatest increase is in wheat and flour, being 1,200,000 quarters of the former and 2,000,000 cwts. of the latter. This is due rather to the diminished importation of 1855, owing to the prolific harvest, than to any extraordinary excess in the demand at present. The farmers will probably rejoice to discover that the very moderate number of foreign beasts and sheep that comes to our markets shows no tendency to increase, though they may perhaps consider it a decidedly alarming symptom that the supply of guano introduced into the country is much smaller than in former years. We further find that rather more tea, and rather less coffee, have arrived than during the previous year. Cocoa has been imported in increased quantity, though there has been less than usual taken for home consumption. Tobacco, on the other hand, has been more smoked than ever, while the supply has fallen below its usual limit. We appear also to have purchased spirits, wine, fruit, and sugar to a rather less extent than in former years. There has been a large proportionate increase in the imports of the better kinds of silk manufactures (especially those of India) and of French linen goods; but, taking all the enumerated commodities together, there does not, on a rough estimate, appear to be any increase at all approaching the extra value of this year's exports. Foreign countries must therefore be getting into our debt for the difference; and the consequence of this state of things may be anticipated in the shape of a more plentiful supply of bullion. That it will be needed, if we are to keep pace with the perpetually recurring demands of other countries for accommodation, in one shape or another, cannot be doubted. Notwithstanding the improvement in the condition of the Bank of France, and we may add also, in its policy, we have probably not yet seen the end of the flow of bullion to France; but it can scarcely keep pace with the supply which ought to be coming in to pay for the large excess of our exported manufactures. Still, whether we are to have a period of low or high rates of discount, the solid benefit of a thriving and increasing trade cannot be lost, and it bids fair to become more tangible in every year of uninterrupted commerce.

The testimony of the Board of Trade is confirmed by the revenue returns which have just been published. There has been an increase of 1,000,000*l.* in the Customs, and of 800,000*l.* in the Excise—the total amount from all sources being 72,000,000*l.*, in place of 68,000,000*l.*, which was the revenue of 1855. Of this large increase of 4,000,000*l.*, nearly one-half is derived from the property-tax; but that still leaves upwards of 2,000,000*l.* to be attributed to the expansion of commerce and the growth of general prosperity. The enormous rate of development which at present cha-

racterizes every branch of our trade seems to belong rather to the infancy than to the maturity of a country; and, if anything like the same progression should continue for any considerable period, the magnitude of our commerce may become such as, even now, we can scarcely venture to imagine. But there are too many uncertainties about all such matters to make it safe to indulge in visions of the future; and we prefer to dwell with thankfulness and satisfaction on the signs of our past progress, which has never been more remarkable than in the year which has just closed upon us.

SAILING BEFORE THE WIND.

WE promised last week to examine the principles on which our Foreign policy has been conducted since Lord PALMERSTON obtained the chief direction of affairs. According to a Ministerial writer, those principles may be very briefly defined. "Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CLARENDON," we were told the other day, "must know best—they are sailing before the wind." Put this syllogistically, however, and the major premise, so far as truth is concerned, may seem rather doubtful. It will run thus:—"Those who sail before the wind know best—Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDON sail before the wind—therefore," &c. To make the eulogy quite intelligible, we apprehend that we must discard logical formulas, and let it simply stand as follows:—"Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDON know that they are sailing before the wind, and so long as a Minister has the popular feeling with him, right or wrong, he need care about nothing else." But, it should be added, "he must be sure of that, or he may make great mistakes—not mistakes about his policy, but (which is much more serious) mistakes about his popularity—in which case he cannot try back too quickly."

In February, 1855, Lord PALMERSTON became Prime Minister. The preceding Government—of which he and all his colleagues, with the exception of Lord PANMURE, had been members—had decided upon opening conferences at Vienna for the negotiation of peace. Before our Plenipotentiary, however, had received his instructions, three of his colleagues left the Government, on the ground that the Sebastopol inquiry ought, in the absence of the inculpated Generals, to be limited to the conduct of the Ministers at home, and that they would not remain Ministers while under suspicion. This may have been a questionable principle of action, but we have nothing to do at present with its soundness or unsoundness. The fact of their secession is only important to us as showing that Lord PALMERSTON was not hampered in the drawing up of his Envoy's instructions, or in deciding on what he might deem advisable terms of peace. The events which then occurred, the revelations which were made, and the burst of public feeling which ensued, are fresh in every memory. It was a moment of passion rather than of justice. The wrath of the whole nation fell on the head of one man, and another man was universally extolled. We can now, however, review the transactions of that period more calmly; and we doubt whether the country would again distribute praise and blame quite as it did then.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL was the Plenipotentiary sent to Vienna. He received clear and explicit instructions; and those instructions, it may be presumed, embodied the mind and intentions of the Minister. The PREMIER had, of course, gravely considered what the interests and the honour of the country required; and he had doubtless given due consideration to the fact that Sebastopol was not taken, nor likely to be immediately taken, though few persons doubted of the ultimate result. The following were the terms on which, under these circumstances, Lord PALMERSTON instructed Lord JOHN RUSSELL to make peace:—The navigation of the Danube was to be free, and its lighting, dredging, &c., were to be regulated by a mixed Commission, very much as the matter has since been settled by the Treaty of Paris—but with this important difference, that the left bank of the river was to remain in the possession of Russia. Nothing was said as to new territorial arrangements, or as to a change of the Imperial frontier. Bomarsund was not mentioned, and the Czar was left free to erect a new "standing menace" in the Baltic; whilst the only provision regarding the Black Sea was a limitation of the Russian fleet to a few line-of-battle ships and steamers. The latter part of this plan was subsequently torn to shreds in Parliament. Even Mr. CORDEN denounced it, and the debate, in which the seceding Ministers took a prominent part, showed the illusory nature of the proposed securities. The limitation of the Russian fleet was

to be the guarantee for Turkey against renewed aggression; but it was confined to armed vessels. The Russians might, it was shown, start lines of professed steam packets from Odessa to every port in the Mediterranean—which, in fact, they are doing at this moment. Every vessel might be built to carry guns, and every gun might be fitted, numbered, and laid in store in the arsenals of Sebastopol, ready for use at twenty-four hours' notice. Again, there was, practically speaking, no penalty for the infraction of the limitation; for an excessive penalty, or one so costly that it cannot be inflicted, is equivalent to none. In a time of general peace, at a moment of passionless quietude, no Minister or nation would embark in a European war for the sake of a steamer or two, more or less, in the Black Sea. It was obvious that such a penalty would be too onerous to the wronged party to be put in force, except in an extreme case—to say nothing of its being disproportionate to the offence. As juries used, in former days, to refuse to convict prisoners of sheep-stealing, because a conviction would carry hanging with it, prudent diplomatists would have been slow to discover a breach of treaty which could only be resisted by war.

Upon these terms, however, with Sebastopol untaken, Lord PALMERSTON, after mature deliberation—the public having as yet given no sign of feeling or opinion—was ready to make peace. But the Russians, fortunately for us, were insane enough—and it was neither the first nor the last of their diplomatic blunders—to refuse them; and the English people—wisely, as we have always maintained—condemned the proposed conditions with one voice, and bravely, if not wisely, declared that they would enter into no conditions till Sebastopol was taken. Then it was that the PREMIER saw which way the wind blew, and it was "about ship" without hesitation or the loss of a moment. His instinct, which had failed him as to what was right, stood him in good stead as to what was popular. In the meanwhile, the Emperor of the FRENCH, who simply wished honourably to obtain the objects of the war, proposed another plan—a plan far more severe upon Russia, and, in our opinion, far more efficacious for the Allies, as regards the Black Sea, than that which was subsequently accepted by Russia in the Treaty of Paris. By this plan, "limitation" was secured by a penalty for its infraction which was not only capable of being enforced, but which a maritime nation like ourselves would be irresistibly tempted to enforce. It empowered the SULTAN, whenever he should be threatened by Russia, or consider himself threatened—that is, whenever the limitation should be infringed, or whenever he should see reason to suspect an intention to infringe it—to call up into the Black Sea the ships of the Allies. In fact, under certain contingencies, it opened the Straits to us upwards, while it closed them to the Russians downwards. It gave us all the advantages of access to the Euxine, while it denied to the Russians that of which we are so jealous—access to the Mediterranean. This power was to be given to the SULTAN absolutely, without any right on the part of the Czar to question the propriety or necessity of its exercise. Far from involving a declaration of war, it would never have been likely to lead to war. On the contrary, it would have nipped all chance of hostilities in the bud, for the Russians would never, for the sake of floating another gun-boat, have risked that which, of all things, is most hateful to them—the presence of the Western flags in their *mare clausum*, the Black Sea. It is scarcely necessary to point out the advantages which, as an Asiatic Power, we might derive from the presence of our flag in the Euxine. Be those advantages, however, what they may, we are deprived of them by the Treaty of Paris; and let it be recollected that the limitation of the Russian steam fleet by that treaty is not the less limitation because its name has been changed to "neutralization."

These proposals, suggested by M. DE BOURQUENEY—who, of course, was only the mouthpiece of the Emperor of the FRENCH—were approved by Count BUOL representing Austria, and by Lord JOHN RUSSELL representing England. There was not much hope of Russia accepting them, for they were more severe than those which she had just refused; but the Plenipotentiaries, who had honestly come to make an honourable peace, if possible, were not unwilling to give the enemy a *locus penitentie*, especially if they could enhance their own terms at the same time. Austria, moreover, consented to make their rejection by Russia a *casus belli*, which would have ensured us the active co-operation of an ally who had an army on the Russian flank, and

whose dubious attitude had already kept in forced inaction on the Russo-Austrian frontier an army of 200,000 men, otherwise available against our troops in the Crimea.

But all these advantages were nothing to Lord PALMERSTON. Though he had been ready, a month before, to make peace on terms not half as good, no terms would do for him now. He was sailing before the wind. The people had declared that they would have no peace till Sebastopol was taken. They wanted to fight, and fight they should; and consequently, Lord PALMERSTON's only object was to close the Conferences for fear Russia should yield. Within the space of a few days, Lord CLARENDON first objected to Austria that she made no proposals but what would be acceptable to the Czar, and then, with admirable consistency, scouted a plan which secured the co-operation of Austria, on the ground that the Czar would infallibly reject it. We succeeded in our object—we refused to offer to Russia terms twice as good for us as those to which we had bound ourselves a month before—and the Conferences were broken off. We do not say that Lord PALMERSTON could have made peace—we admit that Russia would not have accepted the terms. The Government stated this more than once in Parliament, and the Russians have said so since. We should not have made peace; but, had we acted in good faith, we should have had the co-operation of Austria, whose zeal, for the rest of the war, was considerably cooled by the slippery game we had played, and who now, not unnaturally, declared off. We should not have released the Russian army in Poland, which then marched to the Crimea, and we should probably have taken Sebastopol some months earlier than we actually did. Possibly our military prestige would have been saved—and it never stood higher in Europe than it did at that moment, when we had never yet met with a repulse in the field—and certainly some loss of character would have been avoided. Lord JOHN RUSSELL came home, having endeavoured, whether skilfully or the reverse, to do the work of the country, but making the great mistake of not at once resigning when asked to adopt a course at variance with his own convictions; and Lord PALMERSTON came out as the one man who had always been for the honour of England—always against peace, and always hearty in the war. He had thrown away great strategical advantages—he had enabled the Russians to reinforce their army, and to delay the capture of Sebastopol—but he was sailing before the wind.

There was no alteration of circumstances during these negotiations which could justify the change of policy we have recounted. Each party, confident in its own army and in the exploits which it hoped to achieve, trusted, day by day, that to-morrow would bring a bulletin from Sebastopol which would decide the terms of peace on the Council table; but the besiegers and the besieged were alike disappointed—nothing came. On each side, fresh batteries were unmasked, fresh trenches opened, and fresh battalions arrived by land and by sea; but all seemed unavailing to break the iron monotony of that murderous siege. Nay, the change of circumstances, if any, tended—whether in the interests of war or of peace—in the contrary direction to the course which we pursued. The prospect of converting a timid but important ally into an active belligerent, and the agreement of all the confederated Powers on terms more severe on Russia, and more in accordance with our views, than any Austria had yet assented to—these were surely advantages worth the consideration of a Minister. But there was one change which had occurred—England had made its voice heard at home in just condemnation of Lord PALMERSTON's terms of peace, and, in the passion of the moment, of any terms. The indications of this opinion were unmistakable, and no Minister can ever succeed in setting himself against public opinion without an amount of self-sacrifice which we do not expect from ordinary politicians. As the result proved, we should have been disappointed had we expected it, for Lord PALMERSTON at once adopted the condemnation as though it had originated with himself. He did not yield to it, nor bow before it, nor conform to it—he proclaimed himself the champion of the popular feeling. He had at last succeeded in finding out which way the wind blew, and bravely, from that moment, it belled his sails as he scudded before it.

THE BANK CHARTER ACT.

ORDINARY newspaper readers regard with a mysterious respect the oracles which from time to time emit authoritative responses on the great paper-money controversy. MERCATOR, well known as one of the authors of the Bank

Charter Act, has lately revived the discussion by an elaborate apology for the existing system; and his numerous opponents have shown that, as usual, they are fully prepared for the conflict. An impartial and uninstructed bystander will, however, be puzzled by finding that the disputants seem to have no common point to start from. The advocates of the Bank Charter, and their adversaries, propound incompatible principles, and support their views by contradictory statements of fact. MERCATOR asserts that credit has, for the last twelve years, rested on a satisfactory and immutable basis; while Mr. SALT holds that the country has only been saved from universal ruin by a succession of unforeseen miracles.

It will, however, be found, on closer investigation, that the practical question lies within a much narrower compass. Sir ROBERT PEEL's measure has at least had the advantage of bringing the dispute nearer to an issue, if it has not finally disposed of every difficulty. It is certain that, whatever schemes may be advanced by theorists, Parliament will not interfere, except in detail, with the provisions of the existing Act. Economists and practical men of business will agree that the issue of paper must be limited, although some difference of opinion may arise respecting the necessary amount of circulation; and it may also be laid down as an established doctrine, that promises to pay are not a sufficient security for their own performance. The issue of bank-notes will continue to bear some fixed relation to the bullion in the cellars of the Bank, and to the public securities in its strong box. The real contest will turn on an extension of the currency, either according to some fixed rule or at the discretion of the executive Government. The wider, or wilder, proposals for the abolition of a gold standard will never be seriously taken into consideration. In the absence of an unchangeable measure of value, specie still furnishes, notwithstanding the Californian and Australian discoveries, the nearest approach to fixity of price. Even as compared with each other, the precious metals have not as yet varied in value to the amount of a penny in the pound. An ounce of gold is, on an average, worth about 3*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* in sovereigns or in silver.

Bank-notes, although they have exclusively appropriated the title of paper money, form but a part of the credit-circulation of the country, and may be considered as the small change of commerce. The opponents of the present system complain that gold alone is represented in the paper currency, while other commodities of equal value are debarred from the advantage of general circulation. In the hope of correcting this alleged inequality, projectors have, in various countries, devised land banks, banks of moveables, and similar institutions, for the purpose of giving to every species of property a secondary or representative existence. It has been supposed that the owner of an estate or of a cargo might at the same time enjoy his possessions and realize their value by issuing promises to assign them to the holders of certain bank paper. Experience alone has taught, what reason might have shown, that the practical inconveniences of such measures are insuperable, while the advantages which they offer are to a great extent imaginary. Property of all descriptions, from an old coat to a year's crop of indigo or a baronial domain, may serve as a basis of credit through the intervention of proper securities, which, in one instance, may assume the form of a pawnbroker's duplicate, and in another of a mortgage deed. Dock warrants, bills of lading, and bills of sale, are familiar instances of the larger paper money of commerce, which, from its nature, is immediately convertible into the commodity which it represents. Bills of exchange, representing money value instead of goods, approximate still more closely to the character of a circulating medium. The real dispute is, whether paper documents representing commercial credit or specific property shall be themselves considered a sufficient foundation for a further superstructure of bank-notes. When the smoke of the battle has cleared away, it will be found that this is the proposition virtually maintained by the great body of currency reformers or reactionists.

The Bank of England, under its Charter, may issue notes to any extent not exceeding fourteen millions beyond the value of the bullion in its possession. The excess is secured by the average debt due from the Government to the Bank, so that the credit of the institution is so far guaranteed by the nation, although no additional public liability is incurred. The paper currency depends on the credit of a corporation which is a large holder both of Government stock and of the precious metals. The Charter which authorizes the issue to the exact amount of the security, is exposed to attack prin-

cipally on the ground that it does not allow a margin of credit beyond the bullion and the stock; and the question whether such a relaxation shall be granted, and how far it shall extend, will be almost the only practical issue which Parliament will be called upon to decide. If an additional issue were legalized, it would be employed in discounting commercial bills, by which it would consequently be secured. The performance by the Bank of its promise to pay a certain sum would, therefore, be contingent on the solvency of the traders liable on the bills in its possession. It is in this manner that the paper currency would be founded on the paper of commerce, which in its turn represents specific commodities. A banker who conducted his entire business on such a system would be always on the brink of ruin; but it is possible that a certain proportion of liabilities might be safely incurred without any farther security. Unless the Directors were guilty of gross negligence, their possible losses on commercial bills would always be kept within reasonable limits; and no serious danger could occur as long as the great bulk of the issue was covered by bullion, and by Government securities.

The events of 1847 seem to show that there is a weak point in MERCATOR'S argument. Although the issue of paper during the panic of that year was not in fact extended beyond the limits allowed by the Charter, the necessity for an Order in Council authorising a relaxation of the Act indicated a want of elasticity in its provisions. The opponents of the system naturally triumph over its advocate; but in their turn they draw inferences in favour of their own views, far too wide for the premises. The fact that a relaxation has been once found necessary in a period of ten years proves, at most, that a power to meet exceptional circumstances ought to be vested in the Government. No great change would be effected by a permission to future Chancellors of the Exchequer to do what Sir CHARLES WOOD did, on his own responsibility, in the autumn of 1847.

The proposal of a Sub-Treasury, or official department, to supersede the Bank, is likely to meet with little favour. The *Times*, which has generally been the most powerful supporter of the Act of 1844, recently fell into a curious error in discussing the expediency of a national paper currency. The Bank, it was said, in its capacity of public creditor, realizes a large income by the issue of notes corresponding in amount to its claim on the Government. Why, the writer proceeded to ask, should not the nation, as it were, coin its own credit, instead of sacrificing a profit of half a million a-year to a private corporation? The answer is, that the Government has already employed its credit, to the amount of fourteen millions, in borrowing from the Bank, and that the creditor, not the debtor, is entitled to the benefit of the securities which represent a given liability. If the nation desires to use for any other purpose the credit which it has alienated to the Bank, it must commence the operation by paying off the existing debt. Any private bank of issue may fairly secure the payment of its notes by an investment in the public funds; and it is a confusion of terms to assert that the national creditor in any sense trades on the credit of the nation. It is true that the Government might employ the public credit either in banking or in any other kind of speculation; but it is not generally thought desirable that administrative energies should be employed in commercial enterprise. The power of controlling the issue of paper money, which is provided by the existing law, seems preferable to direct official interference.

The practical relations between the Bank and the Treasury may probably require correction; but details of this kind are independent of legislation, and must be confided to the skill and sagacity of the Finance Minister. It must be possible to make arrangements by which the Government may receive on reasonable terms the accommodation furnished by an ordinary banker to a large customer; and the interest of the public balances may, without any specific enactment, be set off against the advances which are required from time to time. It will only be necessary for Parliament to ascertain whether the actual allowance for the management of the public debt is unreasonably large. The limit of the authorized issue of paper money must be maintained or modified; but there will be no material change in the system at present in force.

The complaint that an irresponsible body of Directors regulates the rate of discount will not be regarded as conclusive in England. For all economical purposes, it is found that commercial liability furnishes a better security than

official responsibility. A Finance Minister would fix the rate of accommodation according to his estimate of the public interests; but in the Bank Parliour, the advantage of the stockholders supplies a more satisfactory regulator. If the popular belief in the harshness or judicious liberality of the Directors really corresponded to the fact, there would be a strong argument for transferring to the Government so formidable and invidious an exercise of discretion; but the real object of the Bank of England is to obtain as large a profit as may be compatible with safety from risk, and in this instance, as in all others, the advantage of the dealer practically coincides with the interest of the customer. When money is scarce, it ought to be dear, for precisely the same reason which makes a rise in the price of corn advantageous in prospect of a famine. The merchant or capitalist increases his demands, or contracts his operations, in the hope of gain or as a precaution against danger; and on the return of plenty, he is ready, on precisely the same principle, to indulge the desires of the consumer. If he thinks fit to boast of his prudence or liberality, as virtues for which he is entitled to public gratitude, good-natured friends may perhaps acknowledge his claim, while thoughtful observers recognise the beneficial working of economical laws. The Court of Directors is preferable to an administrative department, partly on account of the special knowledge possessed by its members, but, in a still greater degree, because the motives by which it is influenced are more reliable than the patriotism or discretion of financiers.

A NEW CHINESE WAR.

OF all the evils incident to humanity, there is none more infectious than war; and we were, therefore, grieved rather than surprised, a few days ago, to learn that we were once more engaged in hostilities against China. It was by no means a consolatory breakfast-table reflection that the flowery land of Pekoe and Bohea is now doubly afflicted with this malady—that, rent by intestine convulsions, it is at the same time assailed by “outside barbarians”—and that the Empire of the Sun and Moon, under the pressure from within and from without, may possibly, ere long, fall to pieces. Whatever we may think of the necessity of the late bombardment of Canton, it is impossible not to lament it. The Chinese Government is arbitrary and arrogant, insolent and offensive; and its presumption requires to be rebuked, its pugnacity to be chastised. But its subjects are, for the most part, when left to themselves, mild and inoffensive. It used to be easy—nay, indeed, it was esteemed a national duty—to hate a Frenchman, and, more recently, it may have been easy to hate a Russian. The Afghans at one time enjoyed a fair share of the detestation of Englishmen; but it never was easy, at any time, to hate a Chinaman. In peace, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have ever been the objects of our kindness—in war, of our pity; and we cannot regard the sufferings which have been brought upon them by High Commissioner or Governor-General YEH, without the profoundest commiseration. We are afraid that the arrogance and obstinacy of that exalted functionary have inflicted upon innocent Canton a terrible sacrifice of life and property; and we cannot doubt that the people of that city are as ignorant of the causes of the awful calamity which has fallen upon them, as they are miserably cognisant of its effects.

Of these causes the China papers furnish some account. Indeed, there is little that is abstruse or mysterious about the affair. It seems that there exists a treaty stipulation by which the Chinese authorities are bound, in the event of their requiring the delivery of any suspected natives employed by us either on land or on board our ships, to make application for their arrest to the British Consul. This engagement was violated, however, by the sudden and forcible seizure of a number of men on board a British vessel; and when satisfaction was demanded for the injury, we only brought down upon ourselves further contumely and wrong. The English authorities appear to have acted with equal forbearance on the one hand, and spirit on the other. Expostulations and remonstrances being of no avail, they resorted to threats. Threats being disregarded, they betook themselves to action—the portfolio of the diplomatist was closed, and the admiral stood to his guns. Canton was bombarded—the Bogue Forts were attacked and captured—and it appears that, at the date of the last despatches, Sir M. SEYMOUR was about to answer the anxious questionings of the English inhabitants, and to declare to them *what next*. We confess that we are pain-

fully interested in the solution of a question in which common humanity, no less than the commercial interest of this country, is so deeply concerned.

It is no great matter, either in a military or a political point of view, to bombard Canton and capture the Bogue Forts. We have done this before, and we may do it again. It is a poor atonement for the backwardness of our navy in a strong part of the world, to be thus active in a weak one—to let the granite escape, and to knock so much crockery to pieces. Neither at sea nor on land, can our forces do much in China to add to their reputation. In dealing with such an enemy, there is nothing but havoc and slaughter—of genuine fighting, there can be little or none. Humanity sickens at the recollection of some of the episodes of the last Chinese war. And what did we ever gain by operations against Canton, except so much ransom money? It is sorry work, this hacking at the extremities of a vast empire. We may maim and mutilate, but unless we strike at the vital parts, it is little more than so much gratuitous butchery—we might as easily cure the gout by scarifying the soles of a sick man's feet. But, it may be asked, "Is nothing to be done? Are treaties thus to be violated? Is the British flag to be insulted? Are we to have no redress, because High Commissioner YEH is, in effect, an irresponsible functionary, and truth travels slowly, or not at all, from Canton to Peking? If the high officials of the Celestial Empire know no better, are we not bound to teach them better?" This was the language of 1840; but, although the people of Canton and its neighbourhood were made to suffer, the high officials seem to know no better now what is due to other nations than they did then, but are just as arrogant, insolent, and defiant as ever. If we were to play the schoolmaster at Peking, something might be done; but unless we could hang up a Chinese Imperial Commissioner or Governor-General at the yard-arm of one of our men-of-war, we doubt whether these Canton lessons will be of any avail. We had arrived at some such conclusion as this before the end of the last war, but we seem now almost to have forgotten it. The next mail from China will, however, acquaint us with the next move of Sir M. SEYMOUR. There are circumstances which greatly favour his operations. He has France and America with him; and there is some hope that the representatives of the three great nations which have been insulted by the Chinese functionaries, will avail themselves of the present crisis to place their relations with the Celestial Empire on such a footing as to render another bombardment of Canton a very improbable event.

But what of Russia all the while? Of course there are not wanting those who attribute the audacity of the Chinese to the intrigues of that restless Power. It is related of Sir JOHN MALCOLM, that, when a boy at school in Dumfriesshire, he was so commonly supposed to be the prime mover in all schemes of mischief, that his master never failed to say, when any schoolboys' pranks of doubtful origin were under investigation, "Jock's at the bottom of it." Russia stands very much in the same predicament. In whatever part of the world trouble arises to embarrass our diplomacy and to occupy our arms, we turn our thoughts at once towards Russia, and incontinently exclaim, "Jock's at the bottom of it." There is, in this universal suspicion, much unreasonable exaggeration, and we can see nothing in the present instance to connect the agents of the Czar with the contumelious conduct of Governor-General YEH. But it were well, perhaps, that we should not close our eyes to the fact that Russia, in her vast and comprehensive efforts to extend her influence in the East, has never forgotten that there is such a capital as Peking, and such an Empire as China.

TAXATION AND AGITATION.

WHATEVER other annoyances Ministers may escape, they seem pretty certain to be assailed with a vigorous anti-Income Tax agitation. Already Sir JAMES DUKE and a rival leader have got up a couple of Associations in London to advocate the immediate remission of the "war ninepence," and the readjustment of the remainder of the impost on what are called equitable principles. Besides these central movements, independent meetings of a sufficiently unanimous and vehement description are continually being got together in outlying parts of the metropolis by patriotic vestrymen, who appeal, with true parochial eloquence, to the pockets of their fellow-parishioners. In Ireland, too, the agitation is beginning to naturalize itself, as agitations are—or at least were

—apt to do on that congenial soil. Manchester and Liverpool, besides a host of less important places, have also shown symptoms of a desire to swell the general outcry. There is nothing very imposing in the names or in the arguments by which the cause has as yet been graced; but it takes very little either of authority or logic to satisfy men that it is disagreeable to pay, and the impression that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has refused to pledge himself to reduce the war tax before 1858 is likely enough to raise a demand for its repeal from every corner of the land. By the letter of the law, the tax is to continue at its present amount until the second 5th of April after the exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty of Peace—that is, until April, 1858. The object was to give the Government a year of the tax to clear off the score remaining after the termination of the war; but, from the accidental circumstance that the ratifications were not exchanged till just after the 5th of April, the burden is left on our shoulders for two years of peace instead of one. The Liverpool Financial Association may look upon direct taxation as the mode in which revenue can be raised with the least inconvenience to the public, and they may prefer enjoying the benefits of peace in a further remission of indirect duties to a reduction of the Income-tax; but the general feeling is undoubtedly against the "inquisitorial impost," and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will not find it easy to produce a popular Budget without some modification of the law which defers the promised relief to so late a period as the spring of 1858.

The alarm, however, appears to be somewhat premature; for, if we may judge from the speech of Admiral BERKELEY, at Gloucester, Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS is prepared to yield to a sufficient manifestation of popular feeling. There is something whimsical in the notion of an old sailor being put forward to give the first hint of the intentions of the Government on a matter of finance, and, unless it is intended to follow up the intimation which he has thrown out, the choice of a spokesman has been singularly unfortunate. The old Admiral has no idea of mincing the matter. He repudiates, with genuine salt-water energy, the imputation that the Government of Lord PALMERSTON would be guilty of the "dirty action" of which they have been suspected; and, though he disclaims any authority to speak for his colleagues, he ventures to contradict those who have said that the Government intend to take advantage of the people by insisting on the letter of the statute that has fixed the tax upon us for an unnecessary twelvemonth. If this is not unconditional capitulation, it is, at any rate, a pretty certain proof that the agitation for a reduction of the income-tax will not be without effect; and Lord PANMURE'S promise of a reduction of 20,000,000*l.* in the naval and military estimates is another significant indication in the same direction. But, however favourable may be the chances of the movement so far as it is directed to the mere reduction of the per-centage, the attempt to get a readjustment of the different schedules is one of the most Quixotic of enterprises. No amount of mere platform declamation is likely to disturb the present arrangement in this respect. An agitation which proposes to itself a single definite and possible reform may do great things; but a body of men, however noisy and numerous, who ask for a resettlement of matters which they do not themselves know how to adjust, may be safely regarded as certain to fail for want of any intelligible principle of coherence. The Anti-Corn Law League triumphed because it saw its way clearly, and pursued it with steps which never wavered. The Administrative Reform Association became ridiculous because it did nothing but denounce alleged abuses without having any intelligible proposition to make for their reform. The assailants of Schedule D are very much in the same position.

Certainly this was the case with the agitation which was carried on, with abundance of vigour, some five or six years ago, under the auspices of the late JOSEPH HUME; and the originators of the present movement show no signs of having profited by the lesson which the former failure might have taught them. If they are right in saying that the existing tax is not altogether perfect, they have at any rate failed to produce any possible substitute, or to show how the inequality of which they complain may be redressed. Nothing is easier than to raise a clamour, in general terms, about the oppressive nature of any tax whatever; and it must be conceded that the contrast which may be drawn between precarious and permanent incomes is a very telling subject for stump oratory. But an association which means to effect anything must have a remedy to cry up, as well as

a grievance to cry down, or it will end as it begins—in words. It may be said, indeed, that the movement is as yet only in its infancy, and that its promoters have not had time for the development of any practical scheme. But we cannot forget that during the former agitation, which lasted nearly two years, nothing like a definite mode of correcting the inequality imputed to the tax was ever promulgated at any public meeting, or brought before the Committee of the House of Commons—unless, indeed, we are to except the actuaries' device of capitalizing all kinds of income, which, in its actual form, if not in its first conception, was unsound in principle, while it was utterly incapable of being worked in practice. All the ingenuity of the writers in the *Times*—which, it will be remembered, gave its countenance to the then popular cry—could get no further than angry denunciation. Not only were they unable to devise any plan for reforming the schedules, but they confessed themselves incapable of answering the arguments by which Mr. WARBURTON and many others vindicated the justice of the tax as it stood. Their only reply was this—"Mathematicians may prove what they like, but we know that a precarious income is not as good as a fee-simple, and therefore the tax is oppressive and unjust." Any one who will take the trouble to glance over an old file of papers may find the singular argument we have quoted repeated over and over again—sometimes almost in the words we have given, and at others veiled in a decent amount of circumlocution—and he will find very little else. It was, in fact, the sole reasoning which was heard from a hundred platforms, and which indignant audiences were never tired of applauding. It represented the whole of the popular view upon the subject, and found its natural exponent in the columns of the *Times*.

We have not recalled the history of a forgotten agitation for the sake of suggesting that arguments which baffled leading journalists and a few popular declaimers were necessarily incapable of refutation. But we think we can perceive, even at this early stage, on the part of those who are attempting to renew the movement, a tendency to run in the old ruts; and if we can only succeed in persuading them that they are entering upon a road which leads nowhere, it is just possible that we may escape the infliction of a deluge of speeches and articles attuned to one monotonous wail of hopeless and unintelligent indignation. It is very clear that neither the Government nor the House of Commons will be seriously influenced by a clamour against a tax for which no substitute is offered, and which cannot be dispensed with; and we would recommend Sir J. DUKE and his associates, and all intending orators upon the subject, not to begin to speak until they have satisfied themselves, not merely that the present apportionment of the burden is disagreeable, but that they have some practicable modifications to propose, by which the grievance may be removed without destroying the tax itself. It is certain that, until the agitation assumes a more practical form, it will be wholly without influence—a disappointment to its projectors, and a nuisance to the world in general. If, on the other hand, the self-denying restriction we have suggested should be accepted by our financial reformers, it is not by any means unlikely that the whole affair will silently die out for want of an intelligent object, or a leader to place himself at the head of the forlorn hope. The truth is, so far as there is any foundation for the discontent with which Schedule D is regarded, the injury complained of, and the redress required, depend on considerations much too complicated to be investigated successfully in the midst of popular tumult; and we are disposed to view with some suspicion the remedies which may be proposed by reformers who come forward without any settled scheme of reform, and who seem to look for inspiration, on a question of no little intricacy, to the unthinking instincts of popular meetings.

MR. DICKENS AS A POLITICIAN.

THE age in which we live has produced, amongst other novelties, an entirely new school of politicians. In almost every department of public life, the task of obtaining results has been to a great extent superseded by that of inventing machinery. The world, we are all agreed, is out of joint, and it is touching to see how many doctors are anxious to reduce the dislocation. In politics, in law, and in twenty other walks of life, reforming has become a distinct branch of business. Almost every man who can in any way command the ear of the world has engaged himself in the hopeful task of "doing good," in preference to the ignoble selfishness of minding his own business, and, in one way or other, hoists the flag and wears the uniform of the noble army

of world-betterers. As every system is said to culminate, and every idea to be embodied, it might have been expected *a priori* that an era of reform would find, sooner or later, its representative man. We do not know whether the restless, discontented, self-sufficient spirit which characterises so large a portion of modern speculation—especially on political and social subjects—could have had a more characteristic Avatar than it has found in Mr. Dickens. The nature, the sphere, and the character of his influence, and the foundations upon which it rests, furnish a most curious commentary on a vast mass of phenomena which it is impossible for a serious person to view without profound disquiet. In his preface to a late edition of his earliest novel, Mr. Dickens informed the world with satisfaction that, since its publication, a great part of the horrors of imprisonment for debt—the special evil which it denounced—have been removed by legislation; and he expressed a hope that, at the republication of each of his works, he might be able to say the same of the particular abuse against which it was levelled. Now, Mr. Dickens is the author of some twelve or fourteen books, each as long as three ordinary novels; and in each of them, in addition to the usual tasks which writers of fiction impose on themselves, he has discharged a self-imposed obligation of attacking some part or other of our rotten institutions. In *Pickwick*, he denounced imprisonment for debt—in *Oliver Twist*, the Poor Laws—in *David Copperfield*, the inefficiency of Parliament—in *Bleak House*, the Court of Chancery—and in *Little Dorrit*, the system of administration. We say nothing at present of the satire which he has directed against the Americans, the aristocracy, the middle classes, charitable societies, and Calvinism. To do his best to persuade his neighbours that the institutions under which they live encourage and permit the grossest cruelties towards debtors and paupers—that their Legislature is a stupid and inefficient debating club, their courts of justice foul haunts of chicanery, pedantry, and fraud, and their system of administration an odious compound of stupidity and corruption—is, perhaps, a sufficient responsibility for one man to assume; yet it is very characteristic that he should consider it so light a matter as to be anxious, in addition, to propagate similar views about almost every element of social life.

Such language may be considered too grave for such a subject. Who, it may be asked, takes Mr. Dickens seriously? Is it not as foolish to estimate his melodramatic and sentimental stock-in-trade gravely, as it would be to undertake a refutation of the jokes of the clown in a Christmas pantomime? No doubt this would be true enough if the world were composed entirely or principally of men of sense and cultivation. To such persons Mr. Dickens is nothing more than any other public performer—enjoying an extravagantly high reputation, and rewarded for his labours, both in purse and in credit, at an extravagantly high rate. But the vast majority of mankind, unfortunately, think little, and cultivate themselves still less. Whatever philanthropists and public lecturers may say, the mass of the poorer no less than of the richer classes are mentally idle, and are incapable of sustained and systematic thought or inquiry. Members of parliament, active professional men, merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers in a large way of business, and enterprising farmers, form numerically an infinitesimally small proportion of the population. We have amongst us millions who are physically and intellectually weak, but whose collective sentiments go to form that moral atmosphere in the midst of which we all live and move. To these classes, such writers as Mr. Dickens are something more than an amusement. They are the most influential of all teachers—the teachers who make themselves friends and companions during those occasional intervals of rest and enjoyment which to many minds are far the pleasantest part of life. The production, among such readers, of false impressions of the system of which they form a part—especially if the falsehood tends to render them discontented with and disaffected to the institutions under which they live—cannot but be a serious evil, and must often involve great moral delinquency. Except the relations between men and their Maker, no subjects can be more grave than Legislation, Government, and the Administration of Justice; and we do not know that a man can misuse the trust imposed upon him by the possession of great talents and unbounded popularity more mischievously than by leading people to under-estimate the good, and over-estimate the evil, of the institutions of their country. Looking, therefore, at the sphere of Mr. Dickens's influence, we are compelled to think of him seriously. He is not entitled to the protection of insignificance. It may be admitted that he can scarcely attract the attention of the more intelligent classes of the community; but he may, and, as we believe, does exercise a very wide and a very pernicious political and social influence.

Our unfavourable opinion applies equally to the ends which he has in view, and to the means by which he seeks to accomplish them. He is the most prominent and popular of the innumerable preachers of that flattering doctrine, that, by some means or other, the world has been turned topsy-turvy—so that all the folly and stupidity are found in the highest places, and all the good sense, moderation, and ability in the lowest. As German students look upon themselves as the elect, and upon the members of the whole social hierarchy as "philistines," an opinion, or rather a sentiment, seems to be gaining ground amongst us—and it is carefully fanned by such writers as Mr. Dickens—that success in life is not only no evidence of a man's superiority, but is positive proof of his inferiority to his neighbours. For Parliament Mr. Dickens has an unlimited scorn. It is, he says, all talk, "words,

words, nothing but words." The House of Commons, for him, is a stupid debating club, in which no business is transacted except the enunciation of innumerable platitudes. Nor does the law fare better. The Court of Chancery is an abomination, to be cut down root and branch—a mere den of thieves, in which no man can long retain his honesty. But if our laws are made by fools and administered by rogues, what shall we say of those who manage our public affairs? They are all idiots and jobbers—they have neither the will nor the power to do right. Half-a-dozen families of Barnacles have contrived to attach themselves to the ship of the State, and have no other object than that of impeding its progress as far as possible, in order that their own parasitical existence may not be discovered and terminated. If a man makes a discovery, they treat him as a criminal—if he has a claim or a grievance, they baffle and cheat him—they have neither heart nor brain, but the widest of mouths and the most insatiable of stomachs. Such is the lesson which, month by month, Mr. Dickens reads to his fellow-citizens. He is, in the main, a kind-hearted man, and would perhaps be at a loss for opportunities of exercising his powers of vituperation, unless Providence had kindly created dignities on purpose to be evil spoken of; but as that arrangement has been made, he is enabled, with an easy conscience, to devote himself to the task of flattering his readers into the belief that, but for the intelligence of the middle classes and the unostentatious virtues of the poor, England would be a perfect paradise of fools and knaves.

Such is his end; and the means he employs are worthy of it. As there are reproaches which can be uttered by no one but a woman or a child, there are accusations which can only be conveyed through a novel. It would be impossible to make any more serious publication the vehicle of such calumnies—their grave and quiet statement would be their own refutation. But just as a foolish gossip in a country-town, who says what she pleases because all the world knows what her tongue is like, may babble away the purest character, a popular novelist may produce more disaffection and discontent than a whole army of pamphleteers and public orators, because he wears the cap and bells, and laughs in your face when you contradict him. A novelist has no responsibility. He can always discover his own meaning. To the world at large, *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* represents the Court of Chancery. To any one who taxes the writer with unfairness, it is merely, he is told, a playful exaggeration—pretty Fanny's way; and who can have the heart to be angry with pretty Fanny? To the thousands of feverish artisans who read *Little Dorrit*, the Circumlocution Office is a *bonâ fide* representation of Downing-street. To any one who remonstrates, it is nothing but a fair representation of what exists, just exaggerated enough to make the subject entertaining. In this, no doubt, there is a certain amount of truth; and so there is in the plea of the old woman who destroys her neighbour's character over her tea, that she only adds colour enough to her story to make it piquant. No doubt Mr. Dickens does not really mean much harm. He only wants to sell his books; and by way of persuading himself that he is of some use in the world, he spices them with a certain amount of advocacy of social reforms, just as clergymen sometimes sugar their private letters with texts to make them improving. This is just what we complain of. He exercises considerable political influence with hardly any political convictions. He introduces the gravest subjects in a manner which makes it impossible that he should do them justice. He scatters fire, and says, Am I not in sport? The two fallacies which pervade all his writings are just those which nothing but care and education can guard against, and which are, therefore, particularly dangerous when addressed to uneducated people. One is the fallacy of artistic exaggeration. It was said of Swift that he satirized mankind by describing men as vicious horses, and horses as virtuous men, and then asking which was the best. Something in the same way Mr. Dickens makes his intelligent tradesmen high-minded and highly-educated gentlemen, and his officials affected shop-boys, and then asks us whether the officials can bear a comparison with the tradesmen. If you are at liberty to allow some of the staring external marks of a class to stand unaltered, whilst its characteristic defects are exaggerated indefinitely, there can never be any difficulty in making out the world to be as absurd as you please. The other fallacy—that of minute description—is less obvious, but quite as effective. It consists in dwelling upon all the details of an incident till the mind invests it with as much dignity as such an introduction would demand. By the help of this device, nothing would be more easy than to make the operation of pulling out a tooth appear utterly intolerable. Describe the dentist's face, the arm-chair, the warm water, the basin with a hole in the bottom, the opening of the mouth, the insertion of the pincers, the cold feeling of the iron, and its tightening on the tooth, with sufficient minuteness—and the final wrench may be made to appear like the consummation of all things. In the same way, the inside of a workhouse may be made to look like an absolute torture-chamber; whereas, in fact, neither the pauper nor the dentist's patient feels half the agony which the novelist describes.

The truth of the accusations which Mr. Dickens brings against society is on a par with the fairness of the manner in which they are urged. No one can deny that there are great abuses in the world in general, and in this country in particular. There is much that wants reform in Parliament, in the law, and in the administration; but no one can reform wisely unless he knows

what he is about; and that these institutions want reform is only half, or perhaps even less than half, of the truth. With all their faults, they have the very highest merits; and a man who represents to his fellow-countrymen only the faults, and none of the merits, fosters one of the worst of our national faults—the inveterate habit of self-depreciation. Whatever else our Parliament is, it is the only popular government in the world which has been able to maintain itself; and whatever Mr. Dickens may think, it really has done a very considerable amount of work since he began to denounce it, and will probably continue to do so. Our law has enormous faults, and we have always exposed them, and contended that they ought to be reformed; but to speak of the law with bitter contempt is to show the most profound ignorance of English history. The great faults which every one now acknowledges must be viewed historically, as well as in their present condition; and though the historical fact that the defects of the law formed part of the price of our political freedom is no sort of reason for not reforming them, it is a very strong reason for speaking of the law, and of those who profess it, with some sort of respect and some approach to justice. Our administration, no doubt, had not the means of carrying on a gigantic war immediately after forty years of peace, but, on the other hand, the deficiency was repaired with unexampled vigour; and with respect to other branches of Government, it should be remembered that a vast proportion of the national affairs are conducted fairly enough, and that there is no country in which the great ends of civil society—the security of person and property, and the absolute supremacy of law—are more fully attained, or in which the private character of public men stands higher. Human nature must be judged by an actual, and not by an ideal standard; and though it is true that we have a good deal of jobbing in England, it is quite as true that we have less downright bribery, less violation of confidence, less speculation, than most other countries. Our statesmen may sometimes provide for their cousins and nephews in the public service, but they do not sell their official secrets, or make fortunes on the Stock Exchange. That relations should be maintained with every nation in the world—that a revenue of some sixty millions should be collected and disbursed—that person and property should be secure in a very high degree—that espionage and individual oppression should be altogether unknown,—are results which, as times go, we cannot despise, even if an inventor is sometimes snubbed, and an applicant occasionally kept waiting for his rights.

The most wonderful feature in Mr. Dickens's influence is the nature of the foundation on which it stands. Who is this man who is so much wiser than the rest of the world that he can pour contempt on all the institutions of his country? He is a man with a very active fancy, great powers of language, much perception of what is grotesque, and a most lachrymose and melodramatic turn of mind—and this is all. He is utterly destitute of any kind of solid acquirements. He has never played any part in any movement more significant than that of the fly—generally a gad-fly—on the wheel. Imprisonment for debt on *mesne* process was doomed, if not abolished, before he wrote *Pickwick*. The Court of Chancery was reformed before he published *Bleak House*. In his attacks on Parliament he certainly relied on his own experience, and was utterly and hopelessly wrong. In his attacks on the administration he only followed the lead of Our Own Correspondent. And yet this man, who knows absolutely nothing of law or politics—who was so ignorant of the one subject that he grumbled at the length of an administration suit (which is like grumbling at the slowness of the lapse of time), and so ignorant of the other that he represented Parliament as a debating club—has elaborated a kind of theory of politics. He would have the pace of legislation quickened by the abolition of vain debates—he would have justice freed from the shackles of law—he would have public affairs conducted by officers of vast powers, unfettered by routine. He does not know his own meaning. He does not see the consequences of his own teaching; and yet he is unconsciously tending to a result logically connected with the whole of it. Freedom, law, established rules, have their difficulties. They are possible only to men who will be patient, quiet, moderate, and tolerant of difference in opinion; and therefore their results are intolerable to a feminine, irritable, noisy mind, which is always clamouring and shrieking for protection and guidance. Mr. Dickens's government looks pretty at a distance, but we can tell him how his ideal would look if it were realized. It would result in the purest despotism. There would be no debates to worry effeminate understandings—no laws to prevent judges going at once to the merits of the case according to their own inclination—no forms to prevent officials from dealing with their neighbours as so many parcels of ticketed goods. Whether a Mr. Dickens would then be able to point out the fact that arbitrary power is not uniformly wise, that arbitrary judges are sometimes corrupt, and that arbitrary officials are not always patriotic, is a very different question.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

I.

THE Architectural Exhibition is again open, and it has been greeted this year with an inaugural address by Lord de Grey. The fact is valuable for more than the transitory advantage of the presence of a pleasant-spoken and art-loving *grand seigneur*.

Lord de Grey represents the Institute of British Architects, of which he is President; and in his very judicious remarks he pointed out the different functions of the Institute, the Exhibition, and the Museum, as bodies holding distinct positions in the republic of architecture, and therefore existing for a combined harmonious action in the common interest of that for which all three were founded—the science and profession of architecture. It is not unreasonable, accordingly, to accept that evening's proceedings as the formal graduation of the Exhibition. Established, as it originally was, by the young blood of the profession, it is now recognised and accepted by its older and more stately leaders, in the person of their honorary chief.

Altogether, we think the current Exhibition fully equal to its predecessor. In point of arrangement we trace a marked improvement—not so decidedly, however, in the system of the exhibitors. "Exhibition drawings" still abound, and plans are rare. In one respect there is a falling-off from last year—viz., in the scarcity of truth-telling photography. But the managers of the Exhibition have shown a care in grouping together the different designs for the same work, or the same competition, which we never noticed on any previous occasion. We wish they had also been a little more bold in dealing with their sight line—for example, Mr. Street's prize series of Lille designs, comprising several of fittings and metal-work which require close examination, are hung so low as to render the study which they deserve a matter of physical discomfort and difficulty. We should also counsel that the next year's catalogue should emancipate itself from the pedantic and artificial system derived from the Royal Academy—and applicable only there to pictures—under which a design sometimes appears in the index in the name of the architect who conceived it, sometimes of the draughtsman who got it up, but never in their conjoint names. For example, this year's Exhibition contains four works of Mr. Scott (or rather three works, with two portions of one of them shown); and yet he is only the "Exhibitor" of a single drawing, although by this reticence not only does he lose due credit, but so also does a gentleman whom he has associated with him in the production in question.

Our readers may remember that the Architectural Exhibition consists of two divisions—one of designs, and another of materials; and as, under the former head, there are more than five hundred entries, and under the latter more than fifty, many of them numerously sub-divided, we cannot pretend to give more than a very cursory notice of some of the more prominent productions. This abundance is something more than mere fermentation. Briskness, of course, it shows, but in many cases strength is also manifested; and where that is absent there is still often to be found the desire, however inadequately fulfilled, sometimes of the graceful, and sometimes of the striking. We are a little disappointed, however, at the coming realization of iron architecture not being further advanced. The chief contribution towards the inevitable result is Mr. Owen Jones's most unfairly jilted design for the Manchester Exhibition, which, as it will be remembered, was crowned with the prize only to be repudiated (111, 112). The proposed building is simplicity itself, being nothing more than a long, broad, and high semi-cylinder of iron and glass. Our objection to it is, that it affords an amount of accommodation much more disproportionate to the space it would cover, and to the extent of the material used, than is well permissible in its utilitarian system of construction. The pictures must all have been hung on screens, of which the height of the loftiest would have been but a small portion of the altitude of the building itself, while its curvilinear form would have precluded the insertion of galleries. Mr. Owen Jones shows his predilection for the semicircular roof also in his design for St. James's Hall (84), to be erected in Piccadilly. Here the building is of the antique, solid materials, with vertical side walls, and the roof will be highly charged with pattern and colour. We conclude that the projectors of this building have satisfied themselves as to the acoustic value of that form of roof. Mr. T. Oliver, Jun., offers a small, but not ill-conceived, Crystal Palace, in his West Hartlepool Market (93, 94).

Mr. Fergusson had a splendid opportunity of putting into practice his theories of a new style, and of basing it upon his minute study of the rich and varied architectures of India, in his design for new public buildings, comprising Town-hall, Library, and Municipal offices about to be erected at Singapore (12), exhibited in a drawing by Mr. Edmeston. We regret that he has let the occasion slip by unimproved. The building which he offers is merely a large edifice of that sort of deteriorated Italian with which we are already familiar in stock engravings of Anglo-Indian cities, externally indicating the climate solely by a large recessed *loggia*, and some verandahs (of metal, we conclude) *appliqués* over the windows. Professor Donaldson patronizes the Exhibition with a plan and a perspective (65, 66) of a huge and complex Temple of Victory, Theatre, and Naumachia, supposed to stand on Mount Ithome in the days of Hadrian. The picture is undoubtedly a pretty one, but its utility seems a little more questionable. We conclude that the design is a memento of days when our late Premier was talked of as "Athenian Aberdeen."

No better proof can be afforded of the more liberal spirit of our modern architectural studies than to turn from these drawings to those marked from 384 to 387, which comprise a "Design for

a Palace, to which the Travelling Studentship of the Royal Academy was awarded in 1854"—their author being Mr. R. N. Shaw, and their style Pointed. It is somewhat late in date, and the whole conception recalls the Palace of Westminster; but, for a student, the *ensemble* undoubtedly manifests much ability. The mass is well broken, and the towers and high roofs picturesquely distributed, while the internal communication seems thoughtfully attended to in a series of cloisters.

A considerable portion of the wall-space is most legitimately given up to various drawings of the late competition for the Liverpool Free Library and Museum, in which, by a complex system of voting, the architects were made their own adjudicators. We cannot say much for this plan, to judge by the results. The prize design, by Mr. T. Allom (174 to 177), appears to us in the light of an agglomerate of elements, neither original in themselves nor harmonious in combination. The centre of the National Gallery married to the wings of Covent-garden Theatre, with an after-growth of statues in niches recalling the later days of the Roman style, may give the non-professional reader some idea of the general effect of the proposed building. We do not find much to remark upon in the remaining designs—all of them modifications of classical or Italian types—with the single exception of the huge perspective numbered 178, which gives Mr. Truefitt's ideal. The clever but crotchety author of the design has conceived a large, somewhat prison-like block, crowned with a hemispherical cupola, and garnished with detail evincing Gothic feeling. We may parenthetically observe that the drawing affords one more of the many proofs in modern art, that a hemispherical cupola is nearly as certain to be heavy and ungainly as the oblate cupola is majestic and beautiful. We commend this fact to those architects who will, we trust, have to compete for a circular National Gallery in the centre of the Regent's-park. A curious local competition, by the way, makes itself known in three designs, by two architects, for a Farquharson memorial column, to be erected (why, we are not told) in Dorsetshire. We do not consider it needful to recapitulate their numbers or their authors. Mr. Walter's Free Trade Hall at Manchester (14) is an ornate, and not unsuccessful, though rather heavy, Italian palazzo. The starved castle which Mr. Billings (acting under Mr. Mynnes's directions,) offers, by way of the New River Company's engine-house at Stoke Newington (280 to 282), is an instance of the wrong building for the wrong place.

Civic and rural architecture, comprising private houses, shops, and warehouses, is, as may be inferred, numerously represented in the Exhibition. Italian is still the predominant style for warehouses, mediæval having begun to enter into the competition for houses and shops. No. 73, the offices of an Insurance Company in Gresham-street, by Mr. Edmeston, is a good *appliqué* Italian ground-floor, though suffering, of course, from the disadvantage of being but a ground-floor. No. 74 is a house and shop front, lately built at Northampton by Mr. Low, very creditable for a country town. A country-house in Wales, by Mr. Coe (76), is a gigantic revival of the half-timbered style. Picturesque as that method of building may be, we hold that there is a moral objection to the actual use of materials so combustible. A two-storied shop and house in the Poultry (77), by Mr. Burton, is a successful attempt, and noticeable for a modest introduction of polychromatic material. The same architect, however, fails in a warehouse for Wood-street (290), which is all window and lines intersecting at right angles. Mr. Colling's Merchants' Offices, at Liverpool, for Mr. Naylor, is a classical erection in brick, with stone dressings, simple and massive. We can congratulate Mr. Colling upon the success of this more than upon his two alternative designs for a church, one of which is in Pointed, without much character, and the other a not felicitous selective combination of Pointed and Italian forms. Mr. E. B. Lambe's Sanatorium and Chapel at Bournemouth (120), are in a prison-like style, recalling Worcester College, Oxford—little calculated, we should imagine, to revive the spirits of the inmates. Mr. Goldie's Collegiate gateway, a Middle Pointed composition in brick (142), shows study, but would, we fear, if executed, want breadth. By the way, why does not Mr. Goldie exhibit his villa designs, which won a special honourable mention? Some business premises at Birmingham, by Mr. Chamberlain (143), are like that gentleman's previous works, a graceful adaptation to modern needs of an Italianising type of Pointed. Mr. Bateman contributes a more gorgeous mansion of retail trade in the same town, which he has designed for Messrs. Hyam (146). The building, of rather elaborate Renaissance, has an artistic roof, treated with dormers and crestings, but it has the cardinal fault of no apparent support below, the entire ground floor being a continuous sweep of shop window. No doubt the architect was overruled by the vulgar and absurd idea that the display of goods is enhanced by a construction which gives the perpetual notion that the building is coming down with a rush. Mr. G. Aitchison, jun.'s, drawing of a Bank to be erected in London (159)—a neat Pointed design to be executed in brick—fails in its lower story through the window, with a segmental head, gaping overmuch. Mr. Wornham Penfold adopts Elizabethan (287) in an Insurance Office for Chancery-lane. One of the most ambitious and numerous exhibitors is Mr. Philip Brannon. Several of his designs are termed brickwork on æsthetic principles, and resemble Swiss cottages run to seed. In two *façades* of Branksea Castle, Dor-

setshire—a huge, overdone modern mock-castle, with terraces much too steep—Mr. Brannon attempts a sort of pre-Raphaelite style of “exhibition” drawing, with all the success which such an endeavour deserves, or is likely to attain. We have noticed so many of the domestic designs from the importance which we attach—in the absence or impossibility of sweeping alterations, beyond a certain extent—to the gradual and improved reconstruction of London and other of our principal towns.

A large case contains specimens of the competitive sketches produced in the class of design of the Architectural Association (271). Some of these are tolerably extravagant, but as a collection they show spirit and imagination, as well as the faculty of rapid and effective sketching. As examples of the latter art, we must observe that Mr. Petit has, as usual, enriched the walls of the Exhibition with picturesque reminiscences of French, German, and Italian buildings (37 to 42). Indian architectural landscape finds an expositor of its gorgeousness in Mr. Rawlins's four drawings, all numbered 419; and we are glad to see several results of Mr. Shaw's Travelling Scholarship in the form of able sketches of French mediæval architecture. Mr. Christopher is also a copious contributor of pleasing recollections of an architectural tour.

The most interesting and important feature in the ecclesiastical branch of the Exhibition is the fragments—*reliquiæ Danaum*—which it contains of the great Lille competition, so hopefully commenced, so unworthily carried out, and, ere it is many months old, shaded by the death of the great archaeologist, Père Martin, to whom it owed so much. But, as we desire to consider fully the different designs which Suffolk-street presents, we reserve this portion of our examination for a future occasion.

MR. THACKERAY ON GEORGE THE FIRST.

ON Tuesday evening, Mr. Thackeray gave the first of his lectures on the Four Georges at the Marylebone Institution. It had all the great merits which anything written by Mr. Thackeray is sure to have; and the quiet, clear, dry delivery of the author did full justice to the labours of his pen. No sentence fell flat. There was no pause in the peculiar enjoyment on which all readers and hearers of Mr. Thackeray may safely reckon. The satire was in the old well-known style, with the mixture of epithets that first surprises and then pleases us—the good-humoured interest in, and apology for, the scum of high society—the sly, jesting sneer at all respectable institutions. No one could have come away disappointed, or thought the lecture unworthy of its writer.

Mr. Thackeray devoted the greater part of his address to a picture of the petty German Courts that had the honour of giving a line of Protestant sovereigns to England. He painted the small town of Zell, with its red-brick church, its sandy neighbourhood, and its ten thousand inhabitants. He described how the sons of the reigning duke of this tiny lordship went forth and became Protestants or Catholics with the utmost indifference, so long as they could get bread and a little money to spend at Venice. Courts like those where the Dukes of Zell and Hanover lived are exactly such a subject as Mr. Thackeray can master. The poor, tenth-rate imitation of Versailles—the faded mistresses, the painted beauties, the palaces, with their Tritons and fountains and trim gardens—the misery of the starving peasantry whose ignominious poverty stared the traveller in the face directly he quitted the ducal precincts—the devices of the dukes to raise money—how they trafficked in their subjects, sending them like so many cattle to the slaughter, and, “in fact, pocketed their people”—are points sure to be brought out and made the most of by Mr. Thackeray. The private history of George I., and the unhappy end of Sophia Dorothea, supplied a story to give life to the general picture; and the hand of the author of *Vanity Fair* was clearly to be traced in the sketch given of the group inside the palace—the sullen silent husband, the foolish talkative wife, with her insane passion for Königsmark, that adventurer himself, “one of the handsomest, gayest, bravest, wickedest of men,” and the old hag, the Elector's mistress, who killed him because he rejected her love. The King, too, with his ugly mistresses, the Elephant and the Maypole, his avowed intention to plunder all he could lay hold of in England, and his absolute indifference about English affairs, had to sit for his portrait. Mr. Thackeray was especially sarcastic about this bloated Hanoverian being hailed as Defender of the Faith and welcomed by bishops kneeling on the shore. He made no attempt to give the political or general history of the reign. With regard to the Rebellion of 1715, he indulged in a speculation as to what might have been, if a slight variation in the actual events had taken place at the commencement of the outbreak. If some Scotch soldiers had not drunk too much, Edinburgh Castle would have fallen into their hands—if the Jacobites could have held Edinburgh, they would have held Scotland—if Scotland, the north of England—if the north of England, then the south—and we should all have been Catholics and slaves to this day. Mr. Thackeray was quite justified in asserting that he did not enter very deeply into what is ordinarily called history. Instead of doing so, he gave a sketch of London society in the coffee-houses, praised his old friends Addison and Steele, and quoted from the *Memoirs of the Baron de Polnitz*, to show what a foreign dandy found to do in the London of that day. Finally, he briefly described King George's death, and alluded to the story of the

Countess of Kendal, fancying that her old lover had flown into her apartments at Twickenham in the shape of a big blackbird. “Twickenham,” said Mr. Thackeray, “is a nice, cool, shady spot, and one might have fancied the poor wicked old king in a worse place.”

These lectures were originally delivered in America; and this first one bears many traces of having been originally intended for the American market. The jeers at lords and kings are innumerable, and must have sounded sweetly in republican ears. “Gesler's cap,” said the satirist, “is still high on its pole, and still receives plenty of homage.” Mr. Thackeray made merry over the two lords-in-waiting who, at the opening of the Crystal Palace, had to walk a mile backwards, while the royal party moved in the natural direction; and it must be admitted that no part of the lecture was more applauded, excepting when a bishop was laughed at. The Marylebone Institution rang with cheers when the humorous picture was presented to them of bishops on their knees thanking God for the coming of a Protestant monarch. A hundred years hence, a brilliant writer or lecturer who takes for his subject the reign of Victoria may find some food for his genius in the records of these lectures. The English of those days will be glad to hear anything that bears on the life of so favourite an author as Mr. Thackeray. They will like to know how the greatest humorist of his day—a man in the highest rank of English literature, a gentleman by birth—went from town to town, and rehearsed his admirable productions at the small charge of five shillings a head—how he jested in the most lively way about royalty and episcopacy, and future punishment—and how he was rapturously applauded by a fashionable audience, who privately piqued themselves on nothing more than on being invited, or being nearly invited, to the Queen's balls, and on regular attendance at church, and sound views as to the eternity of damnation. Our great-grandchildren will enjoy a very pleasant evening if the lecturer handles his subject well; and should any one object that such a picture is rather one-sided, and that there was something else in the reign of Victoria besides the scenes that afford matter for satirical description, the lecturer can reply that he does not profess to know or tell anything about history—that his only study is that of manners—of the manners, that is, of the foolish and the wicked. And persons who wish to know where was the salt of all this rotten society, how private life went on, and how the greatness of the country was maintained, must consult grave books, and not come to what is meant to be strictly a place of entertainment. It is probable that then, as now, the hearer may come away amused, but not much benefited—full of good-humoured contempt for the wicked, whose follies make such excellent sport, but half inclined to believe that there are none but wicked people, snobs, and humbugs in the world, and that all the good men and women are gone off to another sphere.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

BEFORE we proceed to speak of the works which are to form the subject of the present *résumé*, we must say a few words on an incident which occurred during the past month, and which throws some light on the general condition of French literature under the empire of the Third Napoleon. A rumour got into circulation that the Minister of Public Instruction had signified, or was about to signify, to the professors of the University, that contributions to certain periodicals and journals of anti-Imperial tendencies would thenceforth be considered incompatible with their obligations as paid functionaries of the State. To this rumour a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* alluded in terms of very strong animadversion—not to say acrimony—in which such phrases as *la littérature indépendante*, as opposed to *la littérature d'Etat*, were paraded with marked emphasis. Presently came an indignant denial on the part of M. Rouland that he had ever entertained the intentions imputed to him, of interfering with the freedom of action of the professorial body; and this was followed up by insinuations, that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had itself been guilty of the very narrowness it had imputed to the Minister, by forbidding any of its staff from contributing to other periodicals. The whole squabble seems to us inexpressibly contemptible; but it serves, like a straw, to show the current of the wind. When the matter is divested of all the littlenesses and personalities which invariably attach to recriminations of this nature, the fact remains, that the intelligence of the country stands sullenly aloof from the Imperial régime, anxiously watching for every opportunity of letting off an epigram or entering a protest against the heavy indemnity which liberty is made to pay, on the pretext of maintaining order. Unfortunately, however, the machinations and the hostile attitude of this literary Fronde only serve to prolong, and in the judgment of some to palliate, the order of things against which its attacks are directed, more perhaps from the impulses of pique than from the purer inspirations of patriotism. But we must not quit the sphere of literature for that of politics. It is sufficient for our present purpose to have adverted to the fact that, while the *littérature indépendante* can boast of names which are identified with everything in the nineteenth century of which France has most reason to be proud, the greatest boon for which the so-called

littérature d'Etat can crave is a speedy oblivion to mask its sterility and feebleness. We now proceed to the examination of our monthly budget.

We count it a fortunate thing for the memory of Sir Robert Peel that his portrait* has been drawn by such a man as M. Guizot. Not merely is the artist removed, by virtue of his position as a foreigner, from all contact with influences unjustly hostile, or unduly partial, to the name and fame of the English statesman, but his experience has rendered him peculiarly competent to estimate the difficulties with which Sir Robert Peel had to contend, and to appreciate the motives by which he was actuated. In following the political career of Sir Robert Peel, and tracing the history of the great measures with which his name will ever be associated in our annals, M. Guizot shows a familiarity with the working of our constitution, and with the various eccentricities of our national life and character, in which he would with difficulty be matched by any foreigner but M. de Montalembert. Perhaps the most striking, and certainly the most thoughtful, pages in the volume are towards the close, where the writer is led to estimate the value of those charges of defection from the trust reposed in the Conservative statesman by his party, which are the hackneyed theme of those who assailed him living, and revile him dead. M. Guizot is at pains to show that the moving spring of all the political changes which marked the career of Sir Robert Peel should be sought for, not, as his adversaries supposed, in any petty abuse of the power confided to him, but in the accomplishment of vast social revolutions, of which he was far more the creature than the creator. The wants, the wishes, and the interests of the people of Great Britain, the ideas and sentiments which during a protracted peace had silently pervaded every class of society, imperiously imposed upon the Government a line of policy which no traditions of statecraft could check, and before which all party shibboleths were forced to succumb. In these tendencies of modern English politics M. Guizot finds matter for serious reflection, not to say misgivings, on problems which time, he says, will solve. Every Englishman will re-echo his closing words:—"J'espère qu'il les résoudra à l'honneur des gouvernements libres et de l'humanité." Before taking leave of this remarkable *Etude*, we ought perhaps to mention that one-third of the volume is taken up, by way of Appendix, with translations from Sir Robert Peel's posthumous memoirs.

The University of Paris has recently been regaled with one of those intellectual tournaments which give life and freshness to the time-honoured walls of the mouldy old Sorbonne. Most of our readers are probably aware that every candidate for the degree of *Docteur-es-Lettres* has to make good his claims to the suffrages of the Faculty, by submitting to their approval two theses in French and Latin respectively. The candidate who on this occasion came so triumphantly out of the lists was M. Rigault, one of the *rédauteurs* of the *Journal des Débats*, the *facile princeps* of Continental journals in a literary point of view. Every member of the Faculty was present, and crowds of sympathizing listeners—we cannot say *hearers*—thronged the very staircase of the Sorbonne. The Latin thesis† discussed Lucian's worth as a critic. The affair was no sham. For six mortal hours M. Rigault had to bear the brunt of sifting animadversions—of keen, subtle thrusts, which he parried with all the appliances of his solid erudition, occasionally disarming his antagonists by the persuasive elegance and fluency of his diction, when he failed to convince them by the potency of his arguments. We cannot pause to examine in detail the merits of the Latin thesis. We must, however, enter a protest, in passing, against the extreme severity with which M. Rigault handles the Greek Montaigne. Surely, the *Auctio Philosophorum* is a proof (and others might be mentioned) that Lucian had not at bottom—for we are not justified in building on his banter—that withering contempt for any but Epicurean tenets, which elicits such vehement denunciations from the learned *Doctor*. Besides, might not an admirer of Lucian's demur *in limine* to the very terms of the indictment. Why treat Lucian as a critic? Why judge him at all from that point of view? But we must hasten on to the French thesis, which is no mere pamphlet like the Latin, but a goodly octavo volume.‡ The feud between the Ancients and Moderns serves as the foreground, as it were, to a question of far deeper moment, and is only a particular aspect of a far more general problem. Does the human race go on conquering and to conquer? Is progress the law that governs humanity? Of this wider and deeper question, M. Rigault does not lose sight while recounting the history of those literary battles in which some of the greatest writers of France and England put lance in rest on behalf of the Ancients and Moderns respectively. The work naturally divides itself into three portions. In the first or French period of the seventeenth century, two champions, Perrault and Boileau, make themselves so conspicuous by the fierceness of their onset that the medley almost dwindles down to a single combat. Still the names of Desmarests, Bonhours,

and Fontenelle fill up the background, and enhance the interest by adding to the variety of the picture. In the second portion, we find ourselves in England, in the company of St. Evremont, Sir William Temple and Wotton, Boyle and Bentley, Dryden and Swift. M. Rigault's countrymen would do well to judge from this part of the work of the kind and amount of information with which they should store their minds before they venture to handle anything connected with English literature. In the third portion, we are introduced to a second phase of the French feud, in the eighteenth century, where fearful encounters take place between Houdard De la Motte and Dacier over the body of Homer, as of old over the body of Patroclus! Fénelon, the Abbé Terrasson and D'Aubignac, also figure with considerable effect at various stages of the fray.

"Accent," said an ancient Latin grammarian, "is the soul of words." He might have added, that the philosophy of speech will remain sadly imperfect, till this verbal psychology has been carefully mapped out in a history of the various and successive modifications which accentuation has undergone, and which it has itself imposed, in divers and diverse languages. An important contribution* towards such a history has been given us by MM. Henri Weill and Louis Benloew, in the shape of a treatise on Latin accentuation. Nothing is more curious than to trace the progress of the accent, and its gradual fusion with, and ultimate absorption of, quantity, as it passes from Sanscrit, through Greek and Latin, to the languages of modern Europe. According to the authors of this learned and interesting volume—who can quote in their favour the authority of M. Bensey to neutralize the adverse opinions of M. Bopp—the governing principle of Sanscrit accentuation is that of the "*Last Determinant*"—an expression which calls for some elucidation. Of course, through affixes, suffixes, and flexional forms, radicals undergo sundry modifications; but in Sanscrit it is always the *new comer*—otherwise called the "*last determinant*"—among these modifications, which takes the accent. The principle is thoroughly *material*, being moulded in conformity with the newest *sensation*, and is wholly independent of quantity. In Greek, on the other hand, not only is the range of the accent confined to a limited number of syllables, but the action of quantity exercises an influence not the less *real* because it is purely negative. The unity of the word—the *great object and rationale of accentuation*—is more emphatically asserted than in the Sanscrit; but the way is already paved for that apparent triumph of quantity over accent, in Latin, which was in reality but the prelude to its downfall, and the advent of an opposite principle, as set forth in the Romance or Neo-Latin Tongues. We trust we have said sufficient to indicate the great interest attaching to the knotty questions of comparative philology which are so ably handled by the authors. We cannot pause to show how they unfold the general and particular rules of Latin accentuation—much less how they fall foul of Ritschl in the matter of Plautine accent and metre. Neither can we follow them through the examination of those traces of accentuation which are met with in lapidary texts—a portion of their investigation which is second to none in interest. An appendix contains an elaborate defence of the theory of the "*last determinant*," in opposition to Bopp.

Apropos of philology, we may do well to mention the publication of a new *Grammaire Mandarine*,† by one of the greatest living French Sinologists, M. A. Bazin. Some years ago, we had occasion to read a valuable series of Memoirs from the same pen, in the *Journal Asiatique*, on the distinction between the Chinese tongue as *spoken* and *written* respectively—or, in other words, between the *Kouan-hoa* and the *Kou-wen*. The results of the fourth of these Memoirs are given in the volume before us, and are so developed as to furnish a complete grammar of the Chinese language, as universally *spoken* at the present day in China, with the exception of the two provinces of *Kouang-toung* and *Fo-kien*; the latter of whose dialects, says M. Robert Thom—a great authority—"bears no more resemblance to the dialects of Peking and Nanking than the Gaelic and Welsh spoken on our mountains do to the English of London and of Edinburgh." The great fact which M. Bazin brings out, both in the Memoir and the Grammar now before us, is the *relative monosyllabism* of the *spoken* language, or *Kouan-hoa*, as opposed to the *absolute monosyllabism* of the more ancient, learned, or *written* idiom of the *Kou-wen*. It is true that the *Kouan-hoa* is used as a written language in plays and romances—a very fertile branch of Chinese literature; but its capabilities in this respect are very meagre when compared with the *unspoken* language which ministers to the wants of history, philosophy, and legislation. This fact of the *comparative polysyllabism* of the current Chinese tongue may conveniently find some corroboration in a remark we have made above on the *unity* of a word as implied by its accentuation; for one of our best English Sinologists, Mr. Edkins, has discovered undoubted traces in metrical dramas of a predominant accentuation on groups of characters which will not admit of monosyllabic dislocation. M. Abel Rémusat had

* Sir Robert Peel. *Etude d'histoire Contemporaine*. Par M. Guizot. Paris: Didier. 1856.

† Luciani Samosatensis quæ fuerit De Re Litterariâ judicandi Ratio, Thesis proponebat Facultati Litt. Paris. H. Rigault. Parisiis, typis Caroli Lahure. (Chez Hachette) 1856.

‡ *Histoire de la Querelle des Anciens et des Modernes*. Par Hippolyte Rigault, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale, Professeur de Rhétorique au Lycée Louis-le-Grand. Paris: Hachette. 1856.

* *Théorie Générale de l'Accentuation Latine suivie de Recherches sur les Inscriptions Accentuées et d'un examen des vues de M. Bopp, sur l'histoire de l'Accent*. Par Henri Weill et Louis Benloew. Paris: Durand. London: Nutt.

† *Grammaire Mandarine, ou Principes Généraux de la Langue Chinoise parlée*. Par M. A. Bazin, Professeur de Chinois Moderne à l'Ecole Impériale et Spéciale des Langues Orientales vivantes. Paris: à l'Imprimerie Impériale. Se vend chez Du and, Paris. London: Nutt. 1856.

caught a glimpse of the remarkable fact so emphatically insisted on by M. Bazin, but had endeavoured to account for it by a tissue of hypotheses which are superseded by M. Bazin's rigorous distinction between the vulgar and learned idioms—a distinction which M. Rémusat had only imperfectly apprehended. The Chinese language is such a remarkable phenomenon, exhibiting as it does a sudden halt in the development of its ideographic and phonetic elements into a purely alphabetic system—unlike in this respect, the language of Egypt which finally culminated in Coptic—that we doubt not many will be tempted to look into M. Bazin's grammar, who have no serious intention of mastering difficulties which, after all, might be surmounted with a twelvemonth's moderate application.

Such of our readers as are at all familiar with certain by-paths of French literature, are aware that there exists, in manuscript, at the Bibliothèque Impériale (in thirty-five volumes quarto, plus four volumes of music and four of Indices) a famous *Recueil* of songs, satires, and epigrams, called the *Chansonnier Maurepas*, from the name of a minister under Louis Quinze, who indulged his frivolous, not to say licentious, tastes in collecting and getting transcribed all the songs which lay scattered about in smaller *recueils*, extending over several centuries. We may mention incidentally, that M. Jannet, the publisher of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, announces an edition of one hundred and fifty copies of this *Chansonnier* in six large octavo volumes. For the present, however, our object is to give the reader an opportunity of judging what this unedited collection is likely to prove, by calling his attention to the *Nouveau Siècle de Louis Quatorze*,* a small and very interesting series of historical and satirical squibs, of which the date, ranging from 1613 to 1713, has suggested the title of the volume. At a time when the liberty of the French press was even more shadowy than it is at present, the popular feeling of the day was daguerreotypied as it were in these pungent effusions, which leapt from lip to lip, found an echo in the heart of the nation, and kept alive the sentiment of liberty. Of course, the majority of these pieces are anonymous. Nothing but this (nor always this) could save their authors from the rack, the galleys, or the rope. The consumption of hemp in rewarding literary efforts must have been considerable in an age which condemned to death "tout auteur d'écrits tendant à émouvoir les esprits!" This *Nouveau Siècle* has for its editor M. Gustave Brunet, the able translator of the *Correspondance de Madame*—a work which throws so much interesting light on the manners of the *Grand Siècle*. The notes are excellent, and convey an amount of information which gives evidence of vast research and ingenuity. There is one song to which we must invite the reader's special attention (p. 187). It castigates Bossuet in a most unceremonious fashion for his ungenerous treatment of Fénelon and Madame Guyon. The following, which bears date 1698, is both short enough and good enough for quotation by way of specimen:—

Au Dauphin irrité de voir comme tout va,
"Mon fils," disait Louis, "que rien ne vous étonne;
"Nous maintiendrons notre couronne."
Le Dauphin répondit: "Sire! Maintenant Va."

Madame de Maintenon's influence over the King was obviously very unpopular with the writers of these *chansons*. She comes in for many a hard hit and ugly epithet.

M. Charles Maurice, an ex-journalist—once attached to various Ministerial bureaux under the first Empire, and subsequently secretary to M. Guizot, and a guest at St. Pélagie—has be thought him, at the age of seventy-four, of giving the world the benefit of a very California of anecdotes, literary, dramatic, and political, which he has made it his special business to collect during the course of a long and active existence.† It appears that these anecdotes, impressions, and rumours of the day were written down by him at the time on slips of paper, and thrown into a box, from which they have now been extracted for publication. The manner in which they are presented to the public is highly facetious. First of all, we have a page or two of biography proper. When the author thinks that the reader has had about enough of M. Charles Maurice, he ladles out a dish of anecdotes highly spiced—then comes another page or two of biography—and so on throughout the two volumes. As we are warned on the title-page that "toute reproduction même partielle est interdite," we must refrain, we suppose, from quoting any of the tit-bits which are to be found here and there throughout these volumes. Suffice it to say, that it would be difficult to name any of the celebrities who have cut any figure in France since the commencement of the century, concerning whom the reader will not here find recorded some trait more or less characteristic. Nor is this all. Collectors of autographs will have an opportunity of adding to their stock some twenty letters which M. Maurice has intercalated in various parts of the work, and most of which are addressed to him by theatrical and musical stars, in his capacity as editor of the *Courrier du Théâtre*—that being one of the journals with which he was connected, in the course of the forty years that he exercised the craft. At the

close of the second volume will be found some curious details on the February days of 1848.

We ought to have called earlier attention to a small work of fiction (founded, however, it is said, on a fact in the youth of Laffitte), which has for some time been creating a perfect furor in France, not to say the Continent generally. It has been translated into German, has already reached a second edition, and bids fair to occupy a permanent place in French literature, beside *Paul et Virginie* and other such popular French classics. Under the very transparent initials of "J. T. de St. Germain," the author has given us what he calls a *Légende*,* bearing the title *Pour une Épingle*. The pith of the story is soon told. A young man applies to a Paris banker for a clerkship in the house, and meets with a repulse. As he leaves the premises he is seen by the banker to stoop and pick up a pin in the courtyard. Such evidence of order and thrift melts the banker's heart. He recalls the young man, grants his request, and thenceforth everything prospers with the Knight of the Pin, whom we allow (the pin, not the knight) to speak for itself in the words of the Preface:—

De tous les objets inanimés, une épingle est peut-être celui qui assiste de plus près aux événements qui composent la vie humaine, et si une épingle pouvait parler, elle raconterait sans doute des choses curieuses. Pour moi, il m'est arrivé quelques aventures assez singulières, j'allais dire assez piquantes, pour que j'aie prié un intime confident d'en transmettre le souvenir.

If, as the writer says, pins were gifted with speech, we wish they would tell us what becomes of them. Whither go pins? has always appeared to us a question scarcely less perplexing than Whence comes evil? We warn our readers not to take up this little volume till they have ample leisure to complete it—for, once begun, we defy them to lay it down. French critics of repute have insinuated that it is too decent and respectable to please any but English or American tastes. We feel grateful for the compliment; and we cannot pay M. "J. T." a higher tribute than by endorsing the sneer, if sneer it was intended to be.

Alphonse Karr's *Famille Alain*† has been so long before the world, in more languages than one, that it might seem superfluous to remind our readers that it is one of the best of that prolific writer's productions, were it not expedient to acquaint them that the book now forms one of those pleasant, readable volumes which adorn the *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*—by far the best and healthiest series of French light literature. M. Karr possesses three strong claims to the respect of every well-conditioned member of a civilized society. First, he is the author of *Les Guêpes*—secondly, he is a devoted angler—and thirdly, he has been horribly abused by M. Eugène de Mirecourt. These are titles to a welcome from all readers which we venture to put forward in favour of the *Famille Alain*.

KEMBLE'S STATE PAPERS.‡

MR. KEMBLE'S collection of *State Papers* and *Correspondence* is one of those books which not only throw light on a particular subject, but are of the greatest service in raising the standard of a wide branch of literature. The press is loaded with memoirs, biographies, editions of letters, histories, and summaries of history, made as fast as books can be made, by writers who have no knowledge of their task, and no sincere interest in it, and whose only aim is to arrest, by a mixture of sentimentality and facetiousness, the passing attention of an indolent reader. We are happy to say that we have now before us the well-matured work of a learned, laborious, and conscientious man. We have got out of that weary atmosphere of amusing writing and puerile morality which pervades the light literature of modern history. For once we have a book which merits the highest praise, and which is not in the least amusing. There is no scandal in it, no good stories, no lively descriptions of life and manners. It merely illustrates the history of Germany during a rather uneventful period of thirty years. If a reader has no anxiety to know what was happening in the petty courts of the Empire while William of Orange was making England an independent State, and when Anne sent the first general of Europe into the field, he had better put the book entirely aside. But if he takes it up and resolutely works at it, he will be amply repaid for every hour he spends. He will find himself under the guidance of a teacher in whose manner of doing his work there is perpetual instruction. Whatever Mr. Kemble has done, he has always done thoroughly; and there can be no better teaching than to watch how such a man applies himself to the task before him. It is right that readers, and especially young readers, should at some period of their lives go rapidly over the general ground of history; but satiety will follow too large a feast. A mind gifted with the love of truth longs for some history which it can test, by which it can see how histories are made, and which will supply it with the rude material—not the finished result—of a modern writer. Such memoirs as those of Clarendon and Burnet in some measure

* *Le Nouveau Siècle de Louis Quatorze*; ou, *Choix de Chansons historiques et satiriques, presque toutes inédites, de 1634 à 1712. Accompagnées de Notes, par le traducteur de la "Correspondance de Madame Duchesse d'Orléans."* Paris: Garnier. 1857.

† *Histoire Anecdote du Théâtre, de la littérature, et de diverses impressions contemporaines, tirée du coffre d'un Journaliste, avec sa vie à tort et à travers.* Par Charles Maurice. Ouvrage enrichi de nombreux autographes. 2 vols. Paris: Henri Plon. 1856.

* *Pour une épingle. Légende*, par J. T. de St. Germain. Deuxième Edition. Paris, Jules Tardieu, éditeur. Rue de Tournon. 1856.

† *La Famille Alain.* Par Alphonse Karr. Nouvelle Edition. Hachette. Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer. 1857.

‡ *State Papers and Correspondence, illustrative of the Social and Political State of Europe from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover.* Edited, with Historical Introduction, Biographical Memoirs, and Notes, by John M. Kemble, M.A. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

supply the want. But in them the hand of the modern historian is altogether wanting. They give specimens of readable sources of history, but do not show how sources of history are made available. Mr. Kemble's book is exactly what is needed for this purpose.

This collection is intended to illustrate the social and political state of Europe from the Revolution to the accession of the House of Hanover. It contains upwards of two hundred letters, and to these are prefixed, in many instances, biographical notices of the writers. The choice of the subjects of biography appears to be rather accidental. Mr. Kemble seems to have been induced, either by taking some special interest in the personages in question, or by the historical uncertainty attending their career, to devote more than usual attention to some few of these letter-writers. Others—some of whom are well known, and some almost unknown—are passed over in complete silence. But we do not see in this any reason to complain. The four persons to whom the greatest space is devoted—the Electress Sophia, Patkul, Schulenburg, and Cavalier—are all typical of the age, and were not only remarkable in themselves, but had something which specially connected them with the time and countries in which they lived. The most important—or, at least, the most eminent—of all those whose letters contribute to make up the volume is Leibnitz; and Mr. Kemble probably thought that his biography might be found elsewhere, and to be written at all, must be written at great length.

The volume is preceded by an historical introduction which gives a picture of the state of Germany after the termination of the Thirty Years' War. Never has war been so great a scourge in any civilized country. It was not only that the material ruin was as terrible as that inflicted on the cities of the Roman Empire by the Goths and Huns, but the moral life of Germany was completely prostrated. The wretched people, ground down to the lowest misery, earning their black bread by precarious tillage, were trampled under foot by petty despots, who no longer found opposition in the town corporations, and who spent the money they made by selling their subjects as soldiers, in an insipid, flat, and vulgar dissipation. Among the smaller of the German courts were those in which reigned the Dukes of Zell and Hanover, both sprung from the house of Brunswick-Lüneburg. The Duke of Hanover, the father of George I., who reigned from 1686 to 1698, was a man of some note. He managed to get Hanover made into a ninth Electorate—he was married to one of the cleverest women of her day, the Electress Sophia—and Leibnitz resided at his court. The greater part of the letters contained in this volume relate more or less directly to Hanoverian affairs, and are written by or to Leibnitz and the Electress. From the perusal of this correspondence we gain, in the first place, the opinions of persons eminently qualified to pass a judgment on men and events, and, secondly, an appreciation of the intricacy of European politics. To readers who remember only in outline the history of the great struggle which broke the power of Louis XIV., the petty manœuvres and insignificant efforts of the small German States seem as unimportant as the skirmishes which precede a great battle. Perhaps their importance ought not to be rated much more highly; but skirmishes are never without some result, and the end which Louis had in view, of ruling Germany by dividing it, was in itself worth great pains to achieve, although the details of chicanery and bribery to which he had resort are repulsive and trivial. It was only through the firmness of the Elector of Brandenburg, the founder of the kingdom of Prussia, that a project was defeated for the formation of a Northern Confederacy which should stand aloof both from France and England. The practical effect of this would have been that the Alliance would have lost the support of Northern Germany; and the scales were so nearly balanced that this loss might have done more harm than the genius of William and Marlborough could have repaired.

There is no letter in this collection which does justice to the wit and accomplishments of the mother of George the First. But those addressed to her sufficiently show the estimation in which she was held by her correspondents. By far the best letters are those written by Leibnitz, which are conspicuous no less for strong good sense than for tact and the art of saying what ought to be said. They do not contain many references to his philosophy, but, where they do, they show that easy handling of difficult subjects—that equal avoidance of poverty and pedantry—which characterized the great thinkers of that time. Leibnitz also can take up any subject, however trifling, and, without any parade of condescension, make himself at home in it, and yet preserve the air of a man who only gossips because it is his place and office to gossip. The knowledge of political combinations which he displays, the soundness of the advice he gives, and the minuteness of detail on which he trusts himself to enter, are quite surprising. A long letter to Schulenburg, written when the latter was commanding the Saxon army in Poland against Charles XII. and the Swedes, will give a very favourable notion of the political capacity of the writer, who makes a very accurate estimate of the position of the Saxons in Poland, and shows great sagacity in criticising the conduct of the several courts interested in the war. His admiration for England is warmly expressed, both in this and other letters. "People," he says, "understand very little in Germany of what the English call political arithmetic—that is to say, the profound reasonings which enter into a great detail of practice." Among the scattered letters of less eminent writers may be

mentioned one written by Cavalier, in which he describes an interview which he had with Louis XIV. at Paris. The king, with a sublime indifference to the battle of Blenheim, which had been fought a month before the date of the interview, informed Cavalier that he could not doubt the Catholic religion was the true one, as God had always enabled him to conquer his enemies whenever he engaged with them. The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, an old pupil of Leibnitz, contributes some letters in the most execrable French; and, among other things, soon after her arrival at St. James's, she assures her learned friend that she was endeavouring to have his great work translated ("nous panson à faire traduire votre deodisé"), but the difficulty is, who is to do it. "D. Glerck" is mentioned as the most capable person she knew of, but he was likely to be prejudiced, as "il et trop de l'opinion de Sr. Eizack newton." From this her Royal Highness passes into a dissertation on the immortality of the soul, on which "Glerck" and "Newton" hold an adverse opinion ("il on vne autre nossion sur lame"). To entertain the subject at all may be considered creditable to a princess, but the chief merit of her demonstration is that it is comprised in ten lines, and the chief interest it excites is that of deciphering what words she means to use.

In two letters we have an account of Peter the Great, then so conspicuous an object of wonder and curiosity to the civilized world. The first is from the Electress, afterwards Queen, of Prussia. "I have seen the great Czar," she says; and, after describing his arrival, she continues:—"My mother and myself began to make our compliments to him, which he made M. Fort answer for him—for it seems he is shy, and hid his face with his hand—'Ich kann necht sprechen.' However we soon tamed him." The ladies looked upon Peter quite as a wild animal—a clever Muscovy bear. "I gave him music, to see what sort of a face he would make." "In order to see him dance, I begged M. Fort to let us have his musicians." "We were very much inclined to laugh at seeing the Czar take a great broom and set to sweeping his jester down." A letter from Huyssens gives a very different picture. He writes from Moscow, where the bear has something better to do than to dance and make faces for the amusement of fine ladies:—"It is impossible to conceive how much this Prince wears himself with the affairs which concern the administration of this kingdom; he has an eye upon everything that is done, takes cognisance of everything, and his plans are always the best."

In his introduction, Mr. Kemble makes an unnecessary apology for the publication of letters so full of interest. He states, or rather implies, that the great majority of them are now printed for the first time, either from the correspondence of Leibnitz preserved at Hanover, or from English collections in the British Museum. It is impossible to say that all these letters are interesting. Some few have, perhaps, no importance. But the bulk of them are a real gain to the historical student. They teach us what Germany was while we were undergoing the great crisis of our history—they enable us to estimate what we have escaped—and also, it must be confessed, they show how many estimable and admirable persons are to be found in the most degraded society.

LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF ENGLAND.*

A FOURTH edition of the *Lives of the Chancellors*, stereotyped, in ten volumes! The announcement of such a publication involves an unconscious irony on the part of the public which has thus happily secured for itself a perennial supply of Lord Campbell's historical biographies. A modern Thucydides would not, within ten years from his first appearance as an author, have attained to the honours of stereotype. Those who are practically familiar with bookselling statistics say that, among the voluminous authors of the present day, three are pre-eminently popular and saleable. Mr. Macaulay's universal reputation can excite no surprise; but the next place is occupied by Mr. Wordy, otherwise known as Sir Archibald Alison; and the third is, still more strangely, allotted to the historian of the Chancellors. Literature or letterpress of the Campbell kind scarcely rises within reach of criticism; but some inquiry into the causes of its successful circulation may gratify a reasonable curiosity. Educated minds find the *Lives of the Chancellors* heavy without being instructive, utterly untrustworthy, and, in the midst of much wilful invention, altogether unimaginative—

Though shallow, thick; though frothy, always dull;
Weak without calm; redundant, never full.

No previous knowledge of the facts is required to show the apocryphal character of many of the narratives. A practised judgment will readily distinguish between the plagiarisms in one page and the fictions in the next. The unity of the composition is only preserved by the loose, bald, careless style, which nevertheless is more spirited and idiomatic than the disjointed jargon of Alison. Notwithstanding these defects, the author has good reason to know that men of letters constitute but a small minority of readers and of purchasers. He is fully entitled, in his "Preface to the Fourth Edition," to "proffer his warm and sin-

* *Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of King George IV.* By John, Lord Campbell, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Fourth Edition. Vol. I. London: Murray.

cere thanks for the kind manner in which his work has been received by the English nation, and by our brethren in the United States of America, where it has been often reprinted, and has been praised beyond its merits."

It is impossible not to sympathize in some degree with the energy of an old lawyer who, suddenly released from harness, determined to acquire a literary reputation, and even, in a certain sense, succeeded in his object. The change of Government in 1841 enabled Lord Campbell "to revel for a while in the resumption of his classical studies." From this source, *hâc fonte*, as he observes, are derived the numerous learned allusions which have so often tried the gravity of scholars; but a nobler ambition soon succeeded to mere intellectual dissipation. "I felt within me a revival of the aspiration after literary fame which, in my most busy days, I was never able entirely to extinguish." The *Lives of the Chancellors* and the *Lives of the Chief Justices* must have fully occupied the interval between the resignation of the Irish Chancellorship and the succession to Lord Denman as Lord Chief Justice of England. These voluminous publications abundantly prove the vigorous and healthy temperament of the writer, but they contain only occasional traces of his intellect, which, though coarse, is undoubtedly robust and athletic. The successful advocate and clear-headed judge seems never to have thought of applying his practised sagacity to the investigation of historical truth. Professional experience had probably taught him that there was a waste of labour in any exercise of subtlety or ingenuity beyond that which was necessary for winning his cause. Critics may cavil, and moralists may complain, but the jury has given its verdict, and the fourth edition is published in stereotype.

Simultaneous popularity indicates the existence of some common element even in works of the most dissimilar character. The polished brilliancy of Macaulay, the cumbrous platitudes of Alison, and the slipshod carelessness of Lord Campbell, are almost equally acceptable to the multitude of readers. Scholars, on the other hand, while they are far more capable of appreciating the great literary artist, can only yawn over the History of Europe; and if they smile when they open the *Lives of the Chancellors*, their amusement is exclusively derived from the successful audacity of the writer. The only feature which is shared by the three popular historians seems to be their equal abstinence from any demand on the thinking faculty. Mr. Macaulay always studies clearness, even at the cost of diffuseness, and supplies thoughts and opinions ready made. The mannerism of avoiding pronouns, by the repetition, in the second member of a sentence, of the terms already used at the commencement, forms a part of his deliberate system. It is no part of his purpose that his readers should pause to consider his meaning before it has completely taken possession of their minds. The fertile and sparkling author is willing to take upon himself the whole labour of amusement and instruction. Indolence itself, in the agreeable excitement of the moment, almost assumes the character of intellectual activity.

Sir Archibald Alison and Lord Campbell attain the same end by a very dissimilar method. The pompous periods of the historian, and the unblushing commonplaces of the biographer, equally save the reader the trouble of thinking, while they furnish a sufficient provision of facts and incidents to occupy a vacant mind. The comparatively small number of persons who can boast of literary cultivation have no right to assume that they possess a monopoly of intelligence or of energy; but they habitually attach a meaning to language, and they judge of books with a kind of professional earnestness. Sagacious men of business, who read only in their idle moments, are often tolerant of trash. Many a clear-sighted lawyer has passed over with complacency, in the *Lives of the Chancellors*, statements which instinct would have at once shown him to be utterly absurd if they had proceeded from a witness in a cause. The diffusion of a habit of reading naturally increases the number of careless readers; and on the whole, there is perhaps little reason to regret a state of circumstances which, for the time, is eminently favourable to the pretensions of mediocrity. In some instances, the habit of study will grow out of the mere desire of killing time; and even Lord Campbell's works will incidentally serve as an introduction to literature.

It is right, however, that even the most indulgent criticism should offer a friendly protest against total recklessness of historical accuracy. In many instances, Lord Campbell has guarded himself against the exhibition of absolute ignorance by the unacknowledged fidelity of his plagiarism. Poor Miss Strickland, among many other sufferers, has in vain complained that her painful researches have been used to decorate the *Lives of the Chancellors* with a show of antiquarian accomplishment. The heroes or subjects of the story would urge the opposite charge, that their biographer has neither been industrious in discovering materials for his narrative, nor scrupulous in supplying his defective information by extemporaneous fictions. The most illustrious of the number might express reasonable indignation at the carelessness and bad faith which have given circulation to one of the most scandalous libels that ever acquired general currency. It is only as the reporter of recent oral tradition that Lord Campbell has preserved any historical statement of value. The jokes and anecdotes of Westminster Hall confer an interest on the lives of Eldon, Wedderburn, and Thurlow; and the professional skill of an eminent lawyer has been not unprofitably exercised in discussing the modern

progress of equitable jurisdiction. It would, however, be imprudent to trust the accuracy of the writer even in matters within living memory. Lord Campbell confounds an advocate who practised before Lord King in 1732, with the celebrated Jeremy Bentham, whom he must himself have personally known. Blunders of this kind display an indifference to accuracy which deprives more important statements of all title to confidence. In a similar spirit, it is recorded that Lord Somers, who, on a certain occasion, referred to the *Spicilegium Juris*, displayed his characteristic erudition by quoting the learned *Spicilegius*. A workman who will not put out his hand to take the best slab within reach is not likely to spend his time in searching too curiously for scarce and valuable materials.

Those who wish to appreciate the historical value of the *Lives* will do well to consult any literary investigator who has made the life of any one of the Chancellors the subject of special study. It will be found that the admirer of Shaftesbury, of Somers, of Wolsey, and above all, of Bacon, feels a personal indignation at a tissue of misrepresentations which he erroneously supposes to be exceptional in the particular case. One aggrieved student of history—himself the highest living authority on all subjects connected with the life of Lord Bacon—has exposed, in a *Companion to Lord Campbell's Railway Edition of the Life of Lord Bacon*, the brazen process of compilation and invention which has been adopted in the libellous narrative. Mr. Macaulay, far more plausible, if not more scrupulous, has supplied, in many instances from his own imagination, the basis of the story. Lord Campbell has attempted to conceal his own plagiarism by many gratuitous variations on the original theme given by Pope, in the well-known paradox of "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." In a subsequent edition, the biographer tacitly adopts a few of his censor's corrections; but he has deliberately allowed many statements to remain which he must, from the same criticism, have known to be untrue. In this case, as in many others, he has got a verdict at the cost of a wanton and calumnious attack on the memory of one of the greatest of Englishmen. The new trial which will be granted hereafter will only concern posterity.

The first volume, which alone is under immediate consideration, concerns itself for the most part with safer topics. St. Swithin had acquired an earlier immortality by his meteorological attributes; but few critics will check the accuracy of statements which relate to functionaries long since consigned to oblivion. Salmon and Baldock, Orleton and Stratford, cannot emerge from the night of obscurity, even though they have at last found a sacred poet or annalist to record their names. A catalogue, with dates of appointments, resignations, and deaths, would effectually have conveyed the greater part of the information which is recorded as to the deeds of the Plantagenet Chancellors. The art of making a book out of scanty materials is felicitously illustrated by Lord Campbell's manufacture of history. Having found that Edmund Stafford ceased to hold office in 1403, he proceeds to compose a paragraph on the subsequent life of a person of whom he knows nothing further. The motives for resignation, the hopes of a return to office, and the recreations of the ex-Chancellor's leisure, are, beyond doubt, drawn entirely from the invention of the biographer:—

The office, stripped of its power, had lost its attraction for him, and he, who differed very little from the warlike baron, his elder brother, had no inclination to sit, day by day, as a judge in the Court of Chancery, for which he felt himself so unfit, under the vigilant superintendence of the unmanly Commons. He therefore willingly resigned the Great Seal into the King's hands, and retired to his diocese, to exercise baronial hospitality, and to enjoy hunting and the other sports of the field, in the vain hope that some revolution in politics would again enable him to mix in the factious strife which still more delighted him. But he continued to languish in tranquillity; and before the wars of the Roses began, which would so much have suited his taste, he was gathered to his fathers.

There are probably persons who would complain of the misleading tendency of Scott's historical novels, and yet suppose themselves to derive instruction from this farrago of conjectures turned into assertions.

The careless mixture of fact and fiction which is simply useless when Chancellor Stafford is the subject, becomes offensive when it is employed in confusing the memory of a great historical character. No biography is better known than that of Wolsey; but Lord Campbell's ambition is not contented with a literal copy from the narratives of his predecessors. Cavendish and others have recorded the merits and activity which recommended Wolsey to the notice of Henry VII., and procured him the deanery of Lincoln. His subsequent rise in the favour of Henry VIII. has been fully reported and explained; but Lord Campbell thinks it expedient to add a touch of his own, and it will be found throughout his work that his inventive faculty is generally exercised in attributing to his heroes some gratuitous display of cunning or of meanness. "The royal chaplain," he asserts, "while resident at Court, must have seen the Prince from time to time, but hitherto had made no acquaintance with him—cautious in showing any accordance with the tastes of the son, lest he should give umbrage to the father." The motives and conduct here assigned to Wolsey are not in themselves inconceivable; but a more scrupulous historian would have abstained from recording as facts his own transient guesses. But it is a safe rule for writers who wish to please indolent readers, when they have nothing to say, always to say something.

The suggestions which have now been made will, to a great extent, explain the popularity of Lord Campbell's work. It derives

another recommendation from its moral tone, which is precisely on a level with its intellectual pretensions. Crime and cruelty are never excused; but loose principle and successful selfishness meet with unflinching toleration, and worldly success is uniformly held up to admiration with an unctious worthy of *Ten Thousand a Year*. A book which never puzzles the understanding, which never alarms the conscience, embodying all commonplace opinions and sanctioning all vulgar inclinations, deserves in a certain sense the reward which it has received, of numerous European and American editions, and of a euthanasia of stereotype.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.*

AMONGST the recollections of the incitements to exertion applied in early boyhood, most men must remember, more or less distinctly, the various versions of the story of the *Industrious Apprentice* which were addressed to them. Sometimes John Goodchild walked up to London from the work-house, with three farthings in his pocket, and lived to enjoy the splendid apotheosis due to a Lord Mayor. Sometimes, after a long career of virtuous and industrious obscurity, he accidentally gained, by his learning and eloquence, such enlightened patronage that he made his fortune in a couple of years, and became Lord Chief-Justice in five. Sometimes he enlisted as a common soldier, and rose to the command of armies; but the uniform moral of his career was, that in the fortunate British Empire there was no eminence, however lofty, which might not be reached by any aspirant to greatness, however lowly. There are many careers which seem to turn such tales into an idle mockery; but from time to time, lives are written which seem expressly intended to justify the recognised maxims which recommend honour, probity, and industry as the best policy, at the expense of the sceptical critics who take the opposite view of life. Sir John Malcolm was pre-eminent amongst men of this class. We do not remember a man whose history presents so complete a justification of the recognised views of life. Both in its incidents and in the lesson which it conveys, it is a very remarkable one.

Sir John Malcolm, born in 1769, was the fourth son of a family of seventeen children who were born to George and Margaret Malcolm, of Burnfoot, in Dumfriesshire. His father was a farmer, who was not only poor, but, in consequence of some unfortunate speculations, in embarrassed circumstances. He had, however, connexions through whom he obtained situations for several of his children, and, amongst the rest, a cadetship for John Malcolm, who received his commission in 1781, at the ripe age of twelve. When the young hero left home, his nurse said to him, "Kaim your head, and keep your face clean; if ye dinna, ye'll just be sent hame again." To which useful admonitions he replied, "Ye'll see if I were awa' amang strangers, I'll just do weel aneugh." When brought up to the India House, he was so mere a child that the Directors hesitated to pass him; and one of them said, "Why, my little man, what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do, Sir," was the answer, "I'd out with my sword, and cut off his head." "You'll do; let him pass," was the reply; and, *pace* Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir S. Northcote, it was not a very unwise one. His first term of service in India lasted for twelve years, during which he got into and out of debt, learned several native languages, and acquired some experience and a great deal of ambition; for, being stationed at Hyderabad, he saw something of diplomatists, and was struck with the strongest desire to become himself a member of the diplomatic, or, as it is called in India, of the "political," branch of the service. On his return to England in 1791, he continued to further this object by writing a variety of letters to the newspapers, on Indian questions, and succeeded in connecting himself with the subject so effectively that he went out in 1794, as Secretary to General, afterwards Sir Alured Clarke, then Commander-in-Chief at Madras. He was introduced to the diplomatic service by Lord Wellesley, by whom he was appointed to the office of Assistant at Hyderabad. Mr. Kaye follows him closely through the whole of his career, from the date of this appointment to his final retirement from India, and death in 1833. In the interval between these dates, he filled various situations—diplomatic, administrative, and military—reaching the dignity of Governor of Bombay, and being twice sent on embassies to Persia. We will not follow Mr. Kaye through the whole of his narrative, which contains much that is valuable to students of Indian politics and history, and some things which are eminently curious and interesting to all persons who care to understand the nature and institutions of the most wonderful empire in the world.

The best way to show the nature of the last mentioned portion of its contents will be to attempt to give some notion of the character of Sir John Malcolm himself; for he seems to us to have embodied, to no common degree, the characteristics which more peculiarly belong to the subordinate instruments in the work of founding and maintaining a great empire. The task is an easy one, for not only was Malcolm's character very simple,

but his career developed it, in all its proportions, with singular distinctness. He would seem to have been on the whole one of the very happiest of men. He had a constitution of great vigour, a body of very noble appearance and remarkable strength, and unflinching and overflowing animal spirits. His mind was unceasingly active, singularly shrewd and observant, and by no means deficient in power, though not much disposed to patient reflection or original thought. He had great strength of character, great courage, strong principles, and warm affections. These noble qualities, limited in some respects and deficient in others, found, nevertheless, an ample field for their exercise in diplomacy, war, and administration. Those who wish to learn the official details of the treaties by which the fruits of the victories of Assaye and Laswarrie were secured to us, or of those which first instituted friendly relations between the British Empire and Persia, will find their progress fully described in Mr. Kaye's book. The objects of the first Persian embassy were partly to acquire geographical, statistical, and political information on the condition and resources of the countries which adjoin the North-West of our territories, and partly to counteract the influence of the French at the Persian Court. The second was prompted to a great degree by the fear arising from the alliance made at the Peace of Tilsit between France and Russia, lest the two Powers together should undertake a joint invasion of British India. Both the Mahratta and the Persian negotiations throw a remarkable light on Sir J. Malcolm's character. In the first, he acted as the immediate subordinate of Lord Wellesley, and few things can be more characteristic of the men than the relations between them. Malcolm was zealously and passionately devoted both to the person and to the policy of his superior. He writes, both of and to him, in language so enthusiastic, that if it came from a less warmhearted and honourable man, we should be tempted to doubt its sincerity. Nothing can be less like the vulgar notion of a diplomatist than the singlehearted, impetuous way in which he details his views—nothing more honourable than the courage with which he dissents from his chief's opinion, at the price of incurring his very serious displeasure. The fact that straightforward simplicity, plain speaking, and fair dealing, without any artifice or device whatever, uniformly gained their points against an amount of duplicity and disingenuity altogether unlimited, is the great moral of the whole of Malcolm's diplomatic career. Lord Wellesley's despatches are also very striking. In all that he writes there is a weighty and graceful stateliness, which obviously overpowered Malcolm, and inspired him with a sort of admiration and loyalty which are amongst the most characteristic features of his character.

In his Persian embassies, another set of the envoy's qualities were called out. His quick sympathies and dazzling personal gifts enabled him to assume a position towards the Court which a more phlegmatic person could hardly have occupied. He was to the last degree punctilious in matters of form, and yet made himself wonderfully agreeable in all direct intercourse with the king and his ministers. The Shah seems to have regarded Malcolm with strong attachment, and his accomplishments produced a curiously powerful effect on the minds of the people at large. On his second embassy he was greeted with a vast number of popular traditions founded on more or less accurately reported incidents of the first.

Malcolm's career as a soldier was not a very brilliant one. He held no considerable command except in the second Mahratta war, when he led the decisive charge in the battle of Mehedpoor, and conducted the siege of Asseergur. His principal military occupation was of a semi-civil character, and consisted of the settlement of the districts of Central India, which came under our control after the final dispersion of the Mahrattas. Malcolm's administration of Malwah appears to us to form not only the brightest, but the most instructive part of his career. He had to provide for the security of life and property throughout the whole of a district as large as England, which had been wasted by war and rapine till it was in many parts a mere jungle for wild beasts. The peculiar fitness which he displayed for this kind of employment throws a singular light on the whole nature and origin of English rule in India. It was a task which required no rare qualities, moral or intellectual, but it afforded the widest scope for the exercise of the great everyday virtues, the plenteousness or scarcity of which decides the question whether a nation is to be great or small. Courage, energy, manly sense, impartial justice, attention to substance rather than form, are the qualities which enable a man to bring a wild race of semi-barbarians to live in peace and order; and with all these gifts Malcolm was endowed superabundantly. He was a brave soldier, a mighty hunter, a just judge, accessible to every human being who wanted to see him, and administering justice much as St. Louis did in the forest of Vincennes; and by these qualities, and others like these, he earned a reputation which survived amongst the natives for very many years after he left them. He turned robber chiefs into guardians of order. He protected the cultivators so efficiently that, in his days, lands were tilled which had lain fallow for a century, and yet he carefully abstained from all undue meddling. It was his system and maxim never to interfere if he could possibly help it. He protected persons and property with inviolable fidelity; but the great object of the whole of his public life in India was to teach the natives as far as possible to govern themselves, to allow the

* *The Life and Correspondence of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., late Envoy to Persia, and Governor of Bombay*, from unpublished Letters and Journals. By John William Kaye, Author of the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," the "History of the War in Afghanistan," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith and Elder. 1856.

different native governments to fall as gently as possible, and never to assume for the English the responsibility of the direct management of affairs until it had become absolutely necessary.

Sir John Malcolm was a man of letters as well as a soldier and a statesman. On his own subjects he had a wonderful fund of knowledge, and, indeed, his energy, both in acquiring and in recording it is one of the most remarkable incidents in his life. How such a man contrived to write so much is a constant subject of surprise to Mr. Kaye; but a gentleman so well accustomed to composition ought to remember the old story of the clergyman who would have made his sermon shorter if he had had more time. Sir J. Malcolm's taste was not very severe, and he would seem to have been diffuse and almost garrulous on most occasions. Indeed, when he left his own subjects, he was quite a different man from the chivalrous paladin so well known in India. The view which he took of French politics when at Paris in the year 1815, was harsh and narrow in the extreme, and his speeches and writings on the Reform Bill might have been taken almost verbatim from Bentham's book of Fallacies. Nor can we honestly deny that his sensitiveness to praise seems to have developed itself to an extreme and even unmanly degree. His desire for titles and offices, even to the close of his life, was so earnest and so strong that even the simplicity and *naïveté* with which he avowed it can hardly reconcile us to the forms which it assumed. Taking him as a whole, however, we know of few more striking examples of the height to which a man may be raised by the possession of the commonest of virtues. The whole of Malcolm's life is a cheerful and spirited sermon on a cheerful text.

Of the literary merits of the book itself we need only say that it has the merits which might be expected of its author, and the faults which might be expected of its subject. It is the work of a practised and skilful writer, but, like almost all biographies, it is too long for a life and too short for a history; and, like almost all books on India, it leaves on the mind of a reader not specially acquainted with the subject, a strange kind of impression that Malcolm was a real man, who passed his life in fighting and negotiating with shadows. We wish that all writers on Indian subjects would meditate on the example afforded them by Mr. Macaulay's wonderful essays on Clive and Warren Hastings. From them some distinct conception may be derived of the people to whom the reader is introduced—we feel as if we had known Omichund and Nuncomar and Surajah Dowlah. But, like so many other writers, Mr. Kaye has failed to give us any other notion of Scindiah and Holkar, the Peishwah and the Nizam, than that which is conveyed in Coleridge's well-known saying, that their names are "wonderful non-conductors of sympathy."

MRS. ELLIS ON EDUCATION.*

AT many places of education, it is the custom, once a year, to have a great gathering, or field-day, when parents and friends are invited to inspect the progress made by the pupils, and the pupils receive the reward of their industry or abilities. On such occasions, the head of the establishment frequently takes the opportunity to make an appropriate little oration of a nature to show satisfactorily the speaker's command of rounded and elegant English, the excellent principles on which the establishment is conducted, and, generally, the great advantages which its members enjoy. If any one can suppose such a speech continued indefinitely, and can picture to himself the feelings of alternating irritation at the tediousness, and amusement at the flowery platitudes of the discourse, which would naturally be awakened, he will have a very tolerable notion of Mrs. Ellis's treatise on education, and of the impression it is calculated to produce. The schoolmistress has got hold of us, and there is no escape. She goes on, page after page, with that admirable indifference to novelty, and that accumulation of copy-book morality, which make educational works so easy to write, and so hard to read. Nothing can be more proper and unobjectionable. Lavender House Academy cannot possibly be compromised. The lady-principal does herself the amplest justice—her morality is superfine—her sentences Johnsonian. There is nothing left to wish, except that she would leave off.

Our readers may, perhaps, be aware that some ingenious inventor has constructed a machine for making Latin verses, and that it makes them with such rapidity, in such variety, and with an amount of meaning so nearly approaching to that required from boys, that the art of versification may soon cease to form part of education, as it will evidently be impossible to test the progress of a youth by setting him to do verses which he will grind out of his machine in five minutes. Mrs. Ellis's book threatens, in a similar way, to make the writing of themes an impossible part of educational routine. The custom is still observed, we believe, in some boys' schools, and in a great many ladies' schools, of requiring the weekly composition of a theme on some moral apophthegm. We must caution preceptors who retain this custom, to keep Mrs. Ellis's book out of the way of the students; for it contains such an exhaustless assortment of polished and expanded truisms, that we can fancy no subject on which a young lady, who dipped into its pages, could not string together a theme immediately. It is, indeed, itself one long theme—a great school exercise, in which every thought is repeated

in endless shapes, but in sentences all constructed on the same elegant model. The great art in writing a theme is, we take it, first, to say what no human being can doubt—secondly, to make a great triumph and glory of saying it—and thirdly, to say it in the longest possible way. Mrs. Ellis possesses this art in perfection. We will gather together two or three sentences in her best manner; but it must not be supposed they are any exception to the staple of her book, or that it does not contain many hundreds exactly like them:—

It is true, that in the case of the child, physical force must be first used, because it will evince desire long before it can either reason upon possibility, or conceive any emotion corresponding to a sense of right.

I am quite aware—no one can be more so—that the good work of moral training has its difficulties, especially when it points upwards, as it must, to such great attainments as a higher degree of conscientiousness pervading human character and conduct.

I still maintain that truth, justice, and benevolence, or any other high moral sentiment, is as valuable to mankind as knowledge; or, in other words, that the right exercise of these sentiments has as important an influence upon human happiness as high attainments in any branch of art or science.

If there were a moral-remark machine invented, are not these exactly the sort of sentences we should expect it to give out? Sometimes, however, Mrs. Ellis surpasses herself, and produces a piece of workmanship far superior to anything that could reasonably be looked for from the most delicate mechanism. As an instance we may quote an address supposed to be uttered by a father to his child. Mrs. Ellis is speaking of "governing motives," and points out the dangers to which a love of mastery may lead. A boy is pictured, first making his pony obey him—which the father approves—and then forcing a companion into a forbidden boat, for which the father rebukes him. In order to appreciate the father of art, we must contrast with him the father of nature. A real papa who witnessed the scene would probably call out—"Bill, can't you leave Tom alone?" Mrs. Ellis's model parent, however, disburdens his mind in the following terms:—

"I commended you," the father says, "for your courage and perseverance in overcoming the resistance of your pony, because that animal, from its very constitution and position in nature, was fitted to be your servant; but this is an instance of tyranny at once audacious, mean, and despicable. This is, in reality, an act of the same description as that of the men who catch the poor negroes, and enslave them. I have seen your eye flashing, and your fist clenched with indignation, at the wrong which they commit; and here are you, by the exercise of mere brute force, compelling a fellow-being to submit to your will, when it is torture and misery to him to do so,—to say nothing of your barbarous violation of all those courtesies and amenities of life, which should have made you consider the comfort and enjoyment of your companion, before your own."

We must, however, do Mrs. Ellis the justice to say that, besides the elaboration of this moral fine writing, she has also a theory to offer. Her theory, so far as we can understand it, is that the moral faculties should receive a positive training. She wishes us to understand that we have distinct moral, as we have distinct physical powers, and recommends that we should bring out our conscientiousness, benevolence, and reverence, in the same way that we harden our muscles with gymnastics, or extend the limits of our eyesight by repeated and minute observations. She complains that the moral faculties at present receive a negative, not a positive, training—that parents are satisfied if their children do not tell falsehoods, have kindly feelings and open purses for the poor, and behave decently at a place of worship. This she insists is not half enough—there ought to be something positive. It is much more important, she urges, to be benevolent than to learn German, and to speak the truth than to play the harp. Why, then, do we devote hour after hour to teaching that which is less important, and content ourselves with supposing our children to be truthful and kind, if we do not perceive them to be flagrantly the reverse? Plainly, she argues, the right thing to do is to study the moral virtues in as positive a way as foreign languages are studied. There should be lessons in benevolence and truth. Monday, for instance, might be the young lady's benevolence day, and her governess could then explain to her the duties of class to class, the distinctions of rival claims on charity, and the delight of doing good. Tuesday would be truth day, and an hour in the morning would be profitably spent in dwelling on the "love of truth for itself." We should then be as sure that the young lady was getting on with her conscientiousness and benevolence as we now can be that she is making progress in French or the use of the globes. Mrs. Ellis stops short with the governess; but it is pleasant to think that young ladies of good fortune and position would scarcely be satisfied with mere domestic and female instruction. They would be brought up to town during the season to have finishing lessons in this as in other branches, and a nicely got-up clergyman would drive from house to house, and put the last touches on their honesty, charity, and modesty.

Mrs. Ellis has also a minor improvement to suggest, which deserves notice. She observes that young people are not very fond of obeying rules made for them, but that the wildest do not like a general confusion. If, therefore, the scholars were set to make rules for themselves, they would, for the sake of their own quiet, make laws as rigorous as those of a mistress, and what they had made themselves they would feel bound to obey. She recommends, therefore, that at schools there should be associations for the "consideration and revision of internal law." This plan, she says, would in many instances lead very much to the quieting of the grumblers, "because, in connexion with social gatherings for

* *The Education of Character: with Hints on Moral Training.* By Mrs. Ellis. London: Murray, 1856.

such purposes, might be the suggestion of remedies for all the grievances complained of; and to establish amongst the young the habit of suggesting a remedy for every complaint that is made, is perhaps as kind a service as it is possible to render them." Of course, these meetings are to be restrained by the presiding genius of a mistress, who is to tame them by refusing to smile when they are disorderly, and to hush them into decorum by altering her voice from gay to grave. There is something very comic in the picture that presents itself, and a debate at Lavender House would be better than a play. Mrs. Ellis instances, as a rule provocative of grumbling, that which bids scholars to assemble at the ringing of a bell. We should like to hear the young lady that led the opposition complain that the bell made her head ache, and propose that the time of assembling should be thenceforward left to the choice of individuals; while the ministerial young lady, who watched the scanty smiles and altering voice of the president, would invite her companions to rally round their mistress and their bell. We have no doubt that, with a little practice, they would get to do it very well, and, by introducing a sufficient stock of moral observations, might speak at great length, and kill time very pleasantly. Probably the debate would end in a compromise, as debates generally do, and Lavender House would be at unity in itself, on its being understood that the bell should be rung, but that no attention should necessarily be paid to it. Grumbling would thus cease, and all would be harmony. We can fancy, however, that parents might object that this was not exactly the result they had in view in sending their daughters to school; and certainly, what with these parliamentary contests, and the lessons in positive morals, there would be little danger of the young people of this institution being absorbed in that acquisition of accomplishments, the excess of which Mrs. Ellis justly stigmatizes as unprofitable.

There are passages in Mrs. Ellis's book which deserve a more serious consideration, and which, appearing in a treatise less formidable, might have had a real value. Among the best of these is one in which the subject of "woman's influence" is treated; and Mrs. Ellis expresses her opinion that this influence is the topic of a great deal of sentimental nonsense. "I have honestly to confess," she says, "to a little weariness and some scepticism on the subject of woman's unbounded influence in the world. Rather, I think, that men have it in their power to make the characters of women whatever they would wish them to be." Whether Mrs. Ellis is right or wrong, at any rate she does not take the obvious, popular, and saleable side. She has also a scheme to advocate for uniting governesses and maidservants in homes, where the servants would learn the duties of their calling, and the governess would gain experience of domestic management. If any one would but build the homes, and pay for the maintenance of the establishment, the scheme might prosper and do good. Meantime, we must refer our readers to the pages of Mrs. Ellis for a detailed account of the great advantages that would flow from the plan, if it were but started.

DEVERELL.*

THE first page of *Deverell* betrays the sex of its writer; and we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that the tale is the first work of some fair and untried hand. We are not, therefore, disposed to test it by too severe a standard. It is not so much fulfilment as promise that we look for in a first attempt. In the style of an experienced author there is, or ought to be, a polish quite unattainable, and often not to be desired, in a novice. In fact, there is not unfrequently—paradoxical as the statement may seem—more hopelessness in a finished performance than in the crudest thoughts put in the most grotesque form; for in the one you feel that there is a visible limit to the author's capacity, while the capabilities of the other may still be undeveloped. The faults and shortcomings of *Deverell*, however, are not to be ascribed to immaturity alone. If we do not expect to find, in an unpractised writer, a wide range of observation or experience, we do look for that reality and truthfulness which give value to the humblest attempt; and these are wanting. The author has invented a story which is improbable enough, but yet which might be worth listening to if well told. Aline Delamere is the euphonious named heroine, who "was born of English parents settled in India." She writes her own history, and conveys some of her childish impressions in the following words:—

It is, however, almost in vain for me to search the background of the past for such hours. Fragments of a time when I was not as I now am come to me, it is true; glimmerings of a little past, when my soul was young, shine out amidst dark vacant places on the hills of time, as if sunshine lay beyond somewhere: since then so much of pain, of suffering, and sorrow have swept over me, mingled though it be with happiness, that I have forgotten much of early days.

She is brought from India, and consigned to the care of one of those quiet, benevolent old aunts whose spinsterhood is invested with a romantic interest, and who seem to form part of a novelist's properties. This ancient lady lives in a retired country-house, brooding over her secret and our mystery. Aline thus describes her home:—

To a child life was sad, so undiversified, without companions or playmates. The house was dark, the passages lined with shadows, the rooms large and

vacant, the servants old and silent—no laugh of childhood ever crept in to wake an echo: never, perhaps, had that golden sound rippled its harmonious wavelets over the darkness of those walls since my great aunt had been herself a child; and that was long ago.

We foresee that this monotonous life cannot last long; and it is terminated by Aline being sent to a fashionable school. There she forms two friendships—one with a gentle girl, Camilla Bruce, the other with Isabella St. George Deverell, who, as she tells us, "without an effort on my part, linked herself with my fate, and suffered her passions to gather like dark folds around the sunshine of my life." St. George, as she is called, is the evil genius who is destined to encompass Aline with her snares, and to be the all-pervading spirit of the book which bears her name. She is capricious, overbearing, prone to mischief, determined, and vindictive. Spoilt at home by a foolish, widowed mother, she is under little discipline at school, and defies all control. Aline is recalled home by the death of her own mother, and finds the household brightened by the companionship of a little sister. Six years later, our heroine is grown up, and resolves to break the uniformity of her daily life by accepting an invitation to visit Miss Deverell, with whom she has kept up a desultory correspondence. This visit is pre-faced by the following momentous reflection:—"Folded in the drapery of the next few months lay the acts and thoughts that were to influence my whole future fate!" Aline is kindly received by Mrs. Deverell, but coldly welcomed by her daughter, whose imperious beauty makes the strongest impression on her old schoolfellow. Miss Delamere intimates that she, too, was fair to look upon, though of a different stamp of beauty from her companion; and she always tries to impress upon us that hers was a trusting, gentle, and impulsive disposition. Mrs. Deverell is the slave of St. George, who rules the house, and who, gifted with every heroine accomplishment, is the centre of a brilliant circle of friends, who assemble every night around her. Yet even the simple Aline perceives that there are melodramatic elements at work. There is a dark young man who cannot be accounted for, and who behaves with unseemly familiarity to St. George, while he is evidently distasteful to and jealous of her. Her whole demeanour is a mystery to Aline, who, in the stillness of night, often listens to her pacing to and fro, and sometimes hears passionate sobs.

Outwardly, their life is calm, and Aline is happy in the novelty of her position, and is on terms of friendly intimacy with many people—amongst others, with a charming Lord Travers. She is not in love with him, however, though he sends her a splendid bouquet. Mrs. Deverell's house is near the sea, and the garden opens upon the beach, where, one night, Aline rambles and muses so late that she forgets the tide, which gradually rises and surrounds her. She philosophically "prepares to die in that isolation, amidst the grand rush of waters, and the mystery that would encircle her fate"—when "a hoarse shout of 'courage' comes across the billows," and in another minute, a boat "dashes down their slope," and a powerful arm places her in safety. This powerful arm belongs to a handsome young officer, who "smiles gently" at her "embarrassment," and conducts her to the garden gate. Aline has to explain all, and relates her adventure, saying that "some persons" in a boat put her ashore. Lord Travers listens to the recital "with a face of ashy paleness." Although seeing this, and even hearing a deep ejaculation of thankfulness for her escape, Aline fails to perceive his affection, and only discovers it afterwards, when she receives an offer from him, which she refuses. With some compunction she tells us that she again met the young sailor, Vaughan Howard—that they fell in love with each other—and that, thinking she was only engaged in a romantic adventure, they often had clandestine interviews on the beach. This continued for several weeks, when Vaughan announces that they must part in a few days, for he must go to sea for four years; and he urges her to suffer him to "quit the shores of England, conscious that his life, honour, and heart are in the sacred keeping of a wife." She consents, in a moment of girlish enthusiasm, increased by his imploring voice, and by the thought that she may never see him more. The marriage takes place the following morning, at a little fishing station a few miles off, in the presence of Aline's maid, to whom she has been forced to confide her secret; and a few minutes after the ceremony, the lovers part, to meet at the expiration of four years, when Vaughan is to claim his bride.

In the meanwhile, the dark young man is one night brought on shore drowned—St. George has a serious illness—and before Aline returns to her own home, she receives a letter from Lord Travers, in which he discloses that St. George, on a particular evening which he recalls to her recollection, had openly avowed her attachment for him, and urged him to fly with her, which he refused. Aline foolishly fears to refuse her friend's request to see the letter, and St. George's life henceforth becomes merged in one deep scheme of unscrupulous revenge. Aline is her victim—not entirely her dupe. St. George unfortunately possesses her secret, which becomes an instrument of torture in the hands of such an enemy. Aline has not the moral courage to confess her clandestine marriage to her indulgent father, either before or after his return from India. He inherits great wealth, with the title of Lord Malvern, and, having married early in life, is still a young man. The wily St. George determines to gain possession of his title and fortune. She wins his heart while on a visit to her schoolfellow, and becomes

* *Deverell*: a Novel. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

Lady Malvern in spite of Aline's endeavours to prevent her heartless plan from being carried into effect. Lord Malvern is devoted to her, and we have another example of the old story—"Toujours nous nous vengeons sur cent qui nous aiment, de cent que nous avons aimés." Lady Malvern's deadly hate is, however, still unsated. She pursues a system of refined torture. She poisons Aline's life, and brings Lord Travers to her feet, after having drawn him away from a course of dissipation. Within Aline's hearing, she contrives to receive his avowal of passionate love—when she tells him that her plan has succeeded, that her pride is avenged, that he is now expiating the unforgiven past, and that she loathes and spurns him. Her revenge is gratified, but her bitterness of heart nothing can assuage. Her neglected husband separates from her, and, in losing him, she forgets her pride, and avows to Aline that his touching constancy and devotion have awakened the better qualities of her heart; but it is too late.

It is time, however, to return to Aline. She does not hear from Vaughan for five years, but her youthful sorrow at his absence has worn away. She meets a certain Lord Mansfield, who usurps his place in her heart without her will; and though she successfully struggles against her passion, she feels that she stood at sixteen only on the threshold, as it were, of love, and that now she has entered its sanctuary. In course of time, St. George reads to her an account in the newspaper of the loss of Vaughan's ship, with all on board. This is confirmed by another paragraph, which announces his death. So she is free; and after awhile she marries Lord Mansfield—a noble-minded man, of reserved disposition and manner. Aline has not the courage to tell him of her previous ill-fated marriage; and this deception eats like a cancer into her happiness, and weighs her to the earth. Lord Mansfield's love only increases her self-condemnation; and her fatal secret causes a gloom which threatens to ruin their otherwise perfect union. To put a finishing stroke to Aline's misery, Vaughan suddenly reappears—but not before Lady Mansfield has given birth to an heir. At this crisis we stop short, unwilling to forestall to any reader the extraordinary conclusion of such a complication of difficult positions and accumulated troubles.

In *Deverell*, unlike too many other novels, the interest rises in the third volume, and, with the excitement of the tale comes increased power in the author. Throughout the whole there is, however, no tact in the handling of materials—the narrator is always forestalling her story by reflections which betray subsequent events. The writing is very feeble, the style turgid, the images always forced; and some of the metaphors and similes are positively outrageous. She talks of "eyes so rich that they darkened the lids that billowed over them into the violet tint of woods." Her treatment of life is neither real nor ideal. She fancies that to write about a feeling is to portray it; and therefore she manufactures feelings which she has never realized, forgetting that great novelists do not invent, but reproduce, and that, without this faculty, it is idle to write a novel. Why there should be a second secret marriage introduced, we cannot conceive, as it was not needed to increase the interest, while it detracts from the story in an artistic point of view. The leading idea of the tale is good, as affording scope for the development and contrast of character; but the writer seems to treat want of moral courage with contempt, while we should oftener accord it pity. Aline is tyrannized over by the cruel, revengeful St. George, merely because she had been too weak in the first instance to confess her marriage to her father. This fault involves her in a web she never escapes; and a momentary and not unpardonable weakness becomes the sorrow of a life. Aline's happiness is thus turned to gall in relation to her second husband. He expects, though he does not exact, a return of the implicit confidence which he reposes in his wife, whose excess of love for him makes her fear his blame—she is distrustful of an affection which can pardon every fault except distrust. In this position there is a sad and tragic element, which does credit to the author who imagined it. It requires real moral courage both to hear and to tell the truth, and *Deverell* illustrates the supreme importance of this simple but difficult virtue in married life, as the only solid basis of permanent confidence and enduring happiness.

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